

## Lost in my head

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31417739) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31417739>.

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Category: [Gen](#)  
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Language: [English](#)  
Series: [Part 1 of My DSMP Storys](#)  
Collections: [Personal Fave Dream SMP fics](#), [We Love Angst In This Household](#), [Dsmf fics](#), [em's to read list](#)  
Stats: Published: 2021-05-20 Completed: 2022-02-12 Words: 21,202 Chapters: 13/13

# Lost in my head

by [ColorNS](#)

## Summary

“What are you doing here Tommy?”

“I- I wasn’t-“ Tommy almost couldn’t hear himself the storm was so loud.

“You weren’t going to techno’s place, were you?”

“No I wasn’t I swear!”

He tried to yell, but his voice was so hollow and sore, he couldn’t make a sound.

Dream looked at him for a solid minute, before quietly saying “what?”

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Summary: dream blows up logstedshire, but tommy gets hit badly. On his way to technoblade’s place dream finds him, bloody, half dead, and completely mute.

Edit 9/10/21: what the fuck. What the ACTUAL fuck. I just checked my statistics, and it says 1008 kudos. Guys. Please. I finished this story with almost half as much. 🙏 THANK YOU!!!!!!!!!!

## Notes

Heya! I’m not that good at writing, especially since I’ve only tried to write a story once. Still though, I hope you enjoy this. I’m not promising to do regular updates, Ill mostly post when I want, and if I feel motivated. If I lose interest in the story, I’ll probably stop, or take a break. But, I promise it won’t happen soon :)

Edit: I did not lose interest. I fucking finished this. Oh my god.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Inspired by [First things first you get what you deserve](#) by [trying\\_to\\_spell\\_both\\_our\\_names\\_at\\_once](#)
- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by [Kengi\\_Bengi](#)

# Hurt

Tommy felt sick.

He felt sick for a while now, but this time was different. He felt numb, in pain, in all part of his body, aching, suffering pleading release from this nightmare. He was hurt, body and soul. He can't think of his past friends, because he knows he'll give up. Even thinking of something small like a name, not even a memory, makes him want to collapse, to never stand up again.

The snow was so painfully cold, making his body numb even more, his thoughts clouded. Blood was dripping from his head, neck and mouth, but he paid no attention to the slow dripping, as it froze quickly, becoming red colored ice path behind him. He was dragging his body slowly, getting pushed back and forth by the storm. His mouth dry, yet wet from blood. His legs and arms were so sore, yet he can't feel them at all. His vision was blurry, his mind was clouded, and his ears were ringing. Yet he would keep going. He had to, he had-

"Tommy."

He turned his head so quickly, fear swallowing him, consuming him. The figure behind him grabbing his shoulder reminding of- the voice he remembers so vividly-

"D- dream?" He nearly whispered. He was almost certain it wasn't heard over the horrible loud storm.

"What are you doing here Tommy?"

"I- I wasn't-" Tommy almost couldn't hear himself, the storm was so loud.

"You weren't going to techno's place, were you?"

"No I wasn't I swear!"

He tried to yell, but his voice was so hollow and sore, he couldn't make a sound.

Dream looked at him for a solid minute, before quietly saying "what?" With a confused expression.

Tommy took a step back, the wind pushing him violently. He tried again, yelling against the wind.

"I didn't, I was just trying to find something I lost, I-"

"Tommy, I can't hear you." Dream stopped him mid sentence, his tone making Tommy shiver even more.

He was scared, but also a bit annoyed by the storm's loud whistles. And dream. Not that much, because he knows it's not dream's fault, but he was getting a bit frustrated saying the same thing again and again.

"I said, I wasn't going to techno, I was just searching for something-"

"tommy stop. seriously, I can't hear you. At all."

What? Is dream deaf of something? The storm isn't that loud, he can hear dream pretty clearly. Dream looked conflicted, at least he thinks so, he can't really tell with the mask on.

"Tommy. Let's go." The man says, turning around to the direction of logstedshire.

Tommy looked down, head still clouded. It was hard enough to pay attention to what was happening around him all while trying to focus on not collapsing completely, so arguing didn't even cross his mind. Obediently he followed dream, walking back through the storm. They walked slow, tommy being in the state he was in. It felt like forever, walking and walking, the storm whistles in their ears. Another step, and another one, following dream. His head getting clouded more and more, his body reaching his limits, begging him to rest.

"D-dream I can't- I feel- I..." he whispered again, pleading to stop, to rest. Dream didn't stop, he kept walking, looking ahead. Desperate, tommy grabbed Dream's cloak, staining the fabric with his blood. He heard dream say something, but before he could figure what, he collapsed on the snow, losing sight and consciousness.

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The storm kept whistling, raging in dream's ears. Like it tried to tell him something, maybe he was wrong, or he did a mistake. He wouldn't listen though. Right now, he needed to help tommy.

You might wonder, why in the world would he help tommy? The answer was simple. He needed him alive. Sure, he's a nuisance, but it wasn't his time to die yet. Not today, as he was still useful. So gritting his teeth, and took another step, carrying the unconscious tommy on his back.

The snow was slippery on his feet, and the wind didn't help, but he kept walking. They were almost there, he could feel the wind becoming more salty, a bit colder. Just a few more blocks, just a little more time. Finally, he could see the remains of the tent and house ghostber had made for Tommy. Sighing, he made his way into the tent. The house was unrepairable, but the tent was just a little blown up with a few burnt spots and holes.

He placed tommy near it, as he took a little bit of the leftover wool he had, repairing the damaged tent. Fuck, it so was cold. But tommy was probably colder, considering he practically had nothing on his skin. He continued placing more wool, and adjusting the planks.

He realised midway he probably should have just made a new tent, or an underground base or something similar, because the tent was more burnt than he thought, and it took more time to repair it. But tommy's clock was ticking, and he was running out of time.

After 20 minutes of work, the tent was standing up again. He quickly placed tommy on a few blankets and some wool, and began scanning his body, figuring out where was the most dangerous injuries were. He reached a corner of one of the blankets, and torn a piece of the fabric.

The forehead was the most covered with blood, so he began cleaning it, trying not to put any pressure on the injury. Next he cleaned the neck, which was a lot more bloody. His face shifted behind the mask, feeling a bit disgusted by the sight. The neck's skin was torn, burnt, the only thing keeping the wound from gashing blood out was that it was frozen shut. He'd torn another piece of fabric, this time larger, placing it on the wound before the icy blood melts.

So he was done with the blood part, now to check for unknown injuries. He scanned the boy once again, finding blue and slightly swollen marks on the fingers, left ear, and toes. Frostbite. He curses, and runs outside. After a solid minute he enters back, with wood, and some rocks, preparing a fireplace. It might not be smart making it inside considering the tent is flammable, but as long as it's small, it won't be much of a problem. He can always cover it with snow if it too big anyway. He needs to make some hole in the ceiling to make sure they don't choke from smoke though.

He stands up grabbing his sword, carefully tearing the thick fabric, being careful not to tear important stitches. After that, he tends to the small fire, trying not to feed it too much. He sighed, relaxing his shoulders, and looks at tommy.

He didn't think the explosion would harm him this much. He should have thought ahead. What if he did unrepairable damage? What if he lost too much blood? And not to mention he couldn't hear anything he said. He'd risk too much at this point, and losing tommy would be a huge inconvenience. He shook his head. He shouldn't think of the worst case scenario. It'll just make him anxious. The boy would be healing, and tomorrow he'll give him some healing potions to speed the process up. He won't lose him. He'd torn another piece of fabric, removing the already soaked one from the neck, and replaced it. He sighed again. It was going to be a long night.

# Acceptance

## Chapter Summary

Tommy wakes up.

## Chapter Notes

If I have spelling mistakes or something like that that I missed, would you tell me in the comment section please? I'd like that a lot :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Fucking migraine.

Tommy slowly woke up, sunlight forcing him out of the quiet numbness that was sleep. To a fucking. Migraine. Not only that, but he felt his forehead burning up. Not only THAT, but he was so thirsty he felt like his neck was bleeding from the inside. He got up to a sitting position, holding his dizzy head, taste of blood in his mouth. Where was he? And why the fuck did it smell like smoke? Was he back in log- wait. Taste of blood? What the fuck? He spit on the floor trying to get rid of the taste, only to start choking and coughing. His throat hurt too fucking badly- he needs water. He can't stop coughing, so he just gets up trying to reach the sea water in hope I'll help. He doesn't get far though, as he trips in the entranced tent his headache making him dizzy. He still coughs, grasping for air. In the corner of his eye he sees a figure running towards him. Scared, he tries to back up back to the tent with no use. The figure crouched down ordering him to drink something, offering him a cup. Not even waiting a second further, Tommy grabs the cup, drinking it with one sip. The coughing was calming down now that the blood was down his throat, and his vision was becoming clearer.

"Tommy? You good?"

Dream. Dream gave him the cup. The fucking bastard. He... saved Him. Suddenly remembering the events from last night, he raised his head looking up at dream in shock, then immediately kneeling down starting to say an apology, to beg for forgiveness, but instead his throat hurts again and blood comes as he pukes it. Fuck.

"Shit! Where did that come from?!"

He was suddenly dragged back to the tent, and to his surprise, dream cleans him up. He tries to say thanks, but instead more blood comes out. It hurts so much, why? He just wanted to say thanks, why did he-

"Stop talking Tommy, you'll hurt yourself more. Here. Drink this." Dream says, offering Tommy a potion of some sort. Tommy grabs the bottle. He suspiciously turns it before

drinking, but as he saw the label saying “healing”, he nearly drowned himself with it.  
“Wow calm down! Take it slow!” Dream panicked.

Screw you dream, nobody asked for your opinion. The potion was already taking affect, as his sore throat healed, and the pain was numbed. He sighed in relief. He began to try and thank dream again, grateful for saving him, but stops mid sentence.

His voice. He couldn’t hear it. not matter what he did, nothing came out. No-nothing would- he couldn’t- why didn’t his voice- WHY CANT HE SPEAK?!

“Tommy? What’s wrong? Tommy?”

He tried to tell him, he tried, he- he really- he really tried, but it wouldn’t- he can’t say, he can’t talk, he can’t yell, he can’t ANYTHING! Why can’t he- he did everything right didn’t he? He- he ran away he- he hid things from dream- he messed up. Everything blow up and it hurt- it hurt so much-

“TOMMY!” Dream suddenly grabbed him by the shoulders, shaking him. Tommy takes his hands off his ears (when did he even put them on?) and looks up to Dream, terrified.

“Tommy, you have to calm down. I need you. You need to calm down, or you won’t be useful anymore understand? You can’t be useful if you let your feelings get the better of you.

Breathe with me Tommy. BREATHE.”

More scared of dream, Tommy snapped out of his panic, thinking of the danger. He was still panicking, but dream was here. He can’t- he can’t panic around dream. He would hit- he would blow up his stuff- he- he can’t get punished. He forced himself to slow his breathing, trying to match Dream’s. Slowly but surely, he calmed down. He was still tense, as dream’s hands dig through his skin, but he was calmer.

“Good. Now why did you panic so much?”

Tommy froze. He tried saying he can’t- he- he can’t- it doesn’t work... no. Calm, like dream said. Breathe. In and out. Ok. Ok. He can do this.

“Tommy?”

Tommy snapped back to reality startled. Dream looked at him weird. Oh. Right, I need to tell him. Shit. How can I...

Tommy opened him mouth, and pointed on it. Dream just looked confused.

“Why are you pointing at your mouth?”

Tommy rolled his eye. It’s so obvious. dickhead.

He pointed again, now at his throat, then at his mouth, and repeated. Dream startled back like he realized something.

“You- you can’t- you lost your voice?!” Dream yelled.

Tommy just looked down, biting his lower lip, then hissing, as it was dry and bloody and hurt.

“Wow, you’re really- you’re actually mute.”

Tommy nodded, though annoyed at the response.

Dream raised his hand to his head, now looking down at his feet.

“Shit.” He muttered

Tommy nodded in agreement. Fucking exactly.

They sat in silence for a moment swallowing the situation. It was awkward, but both of them were still trying to figure out what to do. They both just sat there. Quietly. Some birds

chirped in the forest. The sea's waves were heard on their left. The wind, now calm after yesterday's storm, whispered outside the tent.

It seems everything was heard except Tommy. He felt so mad, he wanted to scream. But he couldn't. He. Fucking. Couldn't. And it was his own fault for betraying dream. He dragged his legs closer to his body, hugging them. He wouldn't cry. Not in- never in front of Dream.

He didn't know what to do. He never know what to do! He didn't have a goal, he didn't have a purpose, and he was useless. And now he was fucking mute as well. If gods existed, he knew they were fucking laughing at his karma, purposely twisting his fate to more suffering. Nobody care about him, he had no friends, no family, no home, NOTHING.

"Tommy."

Tommy didn't move.

"Tommy, look at me."

He looked up. Dream was giving him something. A... book?

"You can't speak. Write instead."

Oh. Oh!

Tommy smiled weakly, his lips still dry and cracked. They bled. He didn't care. He took the book from Dream, and wrote on the first page. He quickly finished, returning it to dream.

'Thank you.'

\*\*\*

It's been a few days after the storm. Dream came every day, checking on Tommy. He would ask once in a while if Tommy had anything valuable. He would always say no. Tommy wouldn't go mining. Tommy wouldn't make weapons.

He sat in his tent, or outside, staring. Listening. Writing. He felt like he doesn't even need any armor anymore. Why would he? Dream always took them anyways. All he had left was his mind. He lost his voice. So none of it mattered anymore. The disks didn't matter. Tubbo didn't matter. L'manberg didn't matter. He didn't matter. He felt weird about it. For so long, he fought so hard for these things, these people, yet now, now that he lost something he always took for granted, they suddenly didn't even matter. It surprised him how much he didn't care.

He stared at the sea, baffled. It looked so nice today. The waves flashing with each other, making bubbles. The sun above, peaking in the clouds. Why did it matter what was on the other side of it? It looked just as nice from here, even more. He smiled, relaxing. It was weird, he felt so... free. strange isn't it? He was under so much stress, when he could have been like this all this time yet he refused to. He would write his feelings. Dream would always ask to read it, but Tommy didn't mind. He was happy to share his thoughts. He was happy. And that was it.

\*\*\*

Dream would stare at Tommy. He changed so much. From the panicked teen he tormented, to this calm, collected and mature young man. It was strange seeing Tommy this silent. This calm. He would always yell, always laughing loudly, always swearing nonstop. Always so proud. Too proud. Too loud. But now... he just sat there. Enjoying himself. It confused dream. Messed with his brain. He would ask to blow his stuff again, only to him not even having



any. He would ask for him book, and he would give it without question. Almost looking happy to give it even. And the things he wrote...

...

He stopped caring. For anything. Any strings he had connected to him, any controlled he had, just, gone. From the most caring loyal and controlled person on the smp, to the most free. The most dependent. And it scared him. All it took was one explosion for his world to flip upside down. One loss.

But, maybe it wasn't too late. Maybe this freedom was something he could control. Tommy still considered Dream his only friend. He saved him. If he didn't care, would he still care about betraying his friends...? Well, only one way to find out.

"Tommy."

Tommy raise his hand as a greeting, still staring at the sea.

"I want to request you of something."

Tommy turned around, looking at dream, waiting for him to continue. It's still weird, this silent thing.

"I read your book, you don't care anymore do you?"

Tommy smiled, and shook him head.

"I see. But Tommy let me ask you a question. Even if you don't care yourself, would you help a friend in what he cares for?"

Tommy stared at him confused, then his eyes opening wide, understanding what he meant. He looked conflicted for a minute. Then looked back at the sea. Dream was a patient. He stood there for 5 minutes before Tommy suddenly stood up, meeting his eyes. Well, the eyes of his mask. He looked down to his feet, then looking up again. Determination in his eyes. Suddenly he smiles. A small, quiet smile. He slowly raises a shaking hand, offering a shake. Dream stared at it for a second, then smiled behind hid mask. He took the hand, gently squeezing it.

"Good to have you on board."

## Chapter End Notes

I'm on hyper mode brrrrrr

# Trust takes time, manipulation takes less.

## Chapter Summary

:X

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tubbo was starting to get a headache. This was troublesome. the deal with Technoblade, and Quackity freaking out about it, and not to mention all the paperwork... he really needed a break. He smiled, remembering his times with Tommy, listening to music on the bench. Ugh. Why isn't everything more simple? He really missed his best friend. He slowly raised his head to look at the date. How long had it been? When was the last time he even spoke to Tommy? He froze as he saw the date. It's the 9th in April. Tommy's birthday. Shit.

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It's been several weeks since he agreed to help dream. He still sometimes doubt his decision, but he knows he can't go back now. since that day he was completely healed, all that was left were scars. He was also trained by dream every day. They would wake up, train, eat, plan, gather resources, train more, eat, train, plan, and go to sleep. They can't take a break. They had no time to waste.

Of course, just before they went to sleep, he would pull the blue book and start learning sign language. They would learn together, for a faster and better way of communication. It was kind of nice actually. He never once considered for dream to be a nice guy underneath the emotionless mask. Why would he be? But against all odds, here he was, staying with Dream. Sometimes dream would ask Tommy if he was really sure of his decision. And every time the answer would be the same.

He would have no problem destroying la'manberg. He already knows it. A part of him wanted a little bit of revenge, but at most he didn't really care anymore. Why should he? Everything was so insignificant. The discs? He burned them a while ago. Tubbo? They aren't friends. The moment he chose la'manberg over his best friend, he stopped being his friend. He betrayed him, so I'd only be fair to pay it back. La'manberg? It only brought him pain. He lost his brother to it, his disks to it, his pride, his friends, his family, his tubbo. He lost everything, and what did it give back? Nothing. It wasn't worth it. It wasn't worth his happiness. So yes, he would destroy it. Because you know, why not?

Dream had offered an offer he can't resist. He promised something to him in return for his help. And he knows, even if he doesn't care about anything, even if he doesn't want to have to do anything with anyone, he would help others. Because he knows what it feels like to be

attached, too dedicated to something, unable to break free. And now he did. So he decided he would help. First was dream, struggling with his hunger for control. And the second, well, he would be for later. But right now, Dream needed him.

Tommy stretched, getting up from bed. He walk down the hallway of the stronghold, yawning, already in armor. He sleepily eyed the library, almost missing dream, mask on his desk, bags under his eyes, reading something. He sighed, walked towards the green man, sitting in the other side of the table signing “good morning.”

“M-m-morning already huh?” He yawned. Tommy chuckled to himself. This man has no self control when it comes to his sleeping schedule.

“Yes.” Tommy signed. Dream yawned again. “So what are we doing today?” Tommy signed, eyes darting in direction of the book Dream read. Dream stretched, closing the book.

“To be honest, I don’t know. We’re finally done with the dodging training, but I seriously don’t know what else to teach you. You practically know everything I do.”

“Really?” Tommy signed in surprise.

“Yup. All you need is to keep practicing to stay in shape and that’s it.”

Huh, Tommy thought. I guess we’re done.

...

“are we finally starting?”

Dream stared at him silently, then reaching for his mask, putting it on. “I think it’s time. We leave in the evening.”

“Wait, already?” Tommy signed, raising his eyebrows.

“Yes. We have no reason to wait more. Prepare the TNT and armor, then take the letter and deliver it to Technoblade and come back here once you’re done. Oh, and take the mask with you, you shouldn’t let him recognize you.” Dream stood up, taking the book with him. “I have a gift for you for after you’re done.”

“Gift?”

“Yes. You can say it’s a small... ‘congratulations’ gift for completing the training.”

“Pog.”

Tommy got up from his chair as well, heading to his room to prepare. He opened the chest next to his bed, take the items out. Five stacks of TNT, his armor, his shield, and his mask. It was a simple make, similar to dream’s. It was round, white, even the same material. The only difference was instead of the wide one lined smile, he had a big X where the mouth should be. He placed it on his face, tying the ropes behind his head. Next he grabbed his cloak, laying on his bed. It was bright red, with a hood big enough to cover his whole head. It was hiding his hair, only his mask staying visible. He put it on with one swift pull, then adjusted his hood. Next he put his armor below it, making him seem harmless. He was ready. He went out, closing the door, heading to the library again. Dream was still there, organizing last night’s mess. He touched dream’s shoulder, making him turn around. He handed the man the TNT.

“Here.” He signed.

“Oh good.” taking the TNT, placing it in his inventory. “Are you leaving?”

“Yes” Tommy signed.

“Excellent. The letter I wrote is on the table. Remember to come back here before sunset.”

Dream said turning his head back to the bookshelf.

Tommy nodded, walking to the big table to look for the letter. Quickly he found a nice

looking envelope with a wax stamp on it with dream's smile creepily carved on it. He took it, then hid it behind his cloak. He sighed. It's time for a family reunion.

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Techno was pissed.

It's been almost a month since the execution, and he still hasn't found Dream. He'd been searching everywhere, sometimes even Phil helping, hell, sometimes RANBOO helped. But nothing. It's like he just, disappeared. And it wasn't helping that Tommy was gone as well. All that was left of logstedshire was a poor looking tent with a hole in the top, and a horrible smell of rotten flesh and smoke. It was frustrating, and the horrible feeling that something bad is going to happen (or happened) won't go away. And dream disappearing without a trace was really making him sick to his stomach.

He suddenly heard a small quiet knock on the front door, waking him from his thoughts. Suspicious, he put his armor on, and grabbing his sword laying on the table. Phil was still out hunting, and ranboo doesn't knock, not to mention he's easily recognizable between all the snow, so he would have seen him from the window. He opens the door, and to his complete surprise dream was standing in front of him. The man he searched for more then a week now is- Wait no. Dream was green and that mask... the man was also taller, and skinner. He had a cloak not a sweatshirt, and the hood was way bigger then his head, nearly reaching his eyes. "Who are you?"

The imposter stayed silent. Quietly he raised his hand beneath his cloak, reaching for something. Techno tensed, tightening his grip on his sword, ready for action. But as the small hand showed herself again, it held a small letter. Techno still tense, grabbed the letter. A white wax stamp was on it, and dream's signature smile was carved on it. He looked up at the imposter in front of him. Why had this man seem so familiar? The way he held himself... it was at the tip of his tongue.

The imposter raised his hand a second time, now raising two fingers in front of his face, then pointing at techno and then making some sort of finger gun at him. Before he could react, the imposter turned around running, then quickly disappearing into the snowy fog. Techno blinked, staring at the last place he'd been just a second ago, then looking at the letter in his hand again. Confused, he turned around heading back inside. He placed his armor back in his inventory and his sword back on the table, then grabbed his chair to sit while opening the letter breaking the wax stamp with ease. The letter was short, specifying coordinates, time and items, with a small drawing of the new la'manberg flag with a red X on it, and a small TNT block drawn in every corner of the letter. Techno smiled. He grabbed his communicator and texted Phil to come as soon as he could. They had a country to burn tonight.

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Tommy ran and ran. Fuck techno was scary. Fuck. Shit. Bitch. Ass. Shit. The snow was familiarly covering his vision, bringing bad memories. Shit. Shitttttt. Finally he found the portal, stumbling across it. Fucking finally. he'd been so stressed about the meeting for nothing. Now across the portal, Tommy sighed in relief, out of breath. He's done, he'd done it. Now he needed to come back. He looked around the empty void that was the roof of the

nether, as he grabbed the boat in his inventory, looking for the ice road. He spotted it, then placed the boat on it, getting on.

The void wind was blowing his hood off his head as he traveled. It was nice, just thinking silently while the view copied itself. He thought of techno. What would happen if he recognized him? Would he kill him? Would he care? He probably wouldn't. Who is he kidding, he already knows that he doesn't. Nobody does, only Dream does. So as long as he stays useful, Dream wouldn't leave him. He smiles softly in the dark. Dream cares. And he cares for Dream. The wars were in the past, they were friends now.

He recognizes the portal in the distance, relieved he's back home. HIS home. He get off the boat, breaking and placing it in the chest next to the portal. He walks through, stone around him. As he walks down, he thinks of where he started and where he is now. His smirk now becoming bitter, he enters the main hallway of the stronghold. Good riddance.

He walks towards the library as he bumps into Dream in the hallway.

"Oh! Tommy you're back. Good, let's go."

Tommy confused, signed "but it isn't time yet."

Dream chuckles behind his mask. "No Tommy, remember? I have a gift for you. It's in the library, come on."

Oh, right. He remembers. Seeing techno really made him forget about the gift they talked about. As Tommy follows Dream to the library he wondered what it was. Was it a new weapon? Or a totem? They enter the library, as Tommy confused looks around. Where was it?

"Come here Tommy, sit." Dream said, pointing at a chair. Tommy still confused, sits down. Dream was now holding a purple book Tommy never seen before.

"You know Tommy, I've been studying enchantment lately. And I found this particular book here. Want to know what it is?" Dream asked. Tommy knows to stay silent.

"It's about human enchantments Tommy. A permanent power up, an enchanting no one can get rid of."

Tommy continued staring wandering where this is going.

"I've already done on myself see?" Dream said excited, showing an orange tattoo, sparking on dream's neck. "And it works Tommy, it works!" He yells, clearly thrilled. Tommy smiled, happy that dream was so excited. It was rare sight, and he always appreciated these moments of happiness.

"And it works WELL Tommy. So I decided, I'll give you a couple of these, as a gift of our friendship. What do you say?"

Tommy eyes widen, then his smile widen with them, as he took off his mask from his face, showing it. Dream looked pleased at the gesture.

"I'll take that as a yes."

## Chapter End Notes

Btw Tommy said to techno in sign language "see you later."

Also I didn't know where to put the thing with tubbo in the story, so I'm just throwing it in the beginning. :P

(If you see spelling mistakes don't be afraid to point them out, it really helps me.)

# Preparing

## Chapter Summary

Tattoo time ;)

## Chapter Notes

Sorry this one is shorter than the others, I just didn't have a lot to say and I was tired. Hopefully the next one would be longer.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy hissed.

"Stop moving! I'll miss." Dream grumbled, concentrating.

It's been half an hour, and Tommy's back was starting to hurt. A lot. Tommy hissed again, flinching from a sudden pain in his back, that's been bothering him for the past half hour.

"Tommy!"

"Sorry." Tommy signed, before realizing his mistake.

"I already said this, don't sign. You're lucky I wasn't in the middle of a line."

Tommy stayed quiet, unable to apologize again.

They were in the middle of his forth tattoo, and this one was pretty large, so it took more time. Dream said that the larger the tattoo is, the more powerful it is. Tommy already had one on his right arm, two on his legs, and now dream was making one on his back.

Dream explained before they started, that the placement is very important, making it effective in different ways. For example, if you place speed on the arm, the arm would be quicker to hit or mine. If on the legs, it would make running quicker. If on the head or neck, the thinking would be quicker. Same for luck, healing, etc. some can't effect anything unless they are near the right place, for example, enchanting someone with night vision on the arm would do nothing. Most enchanting don't matter where you place them though, since the effect would stay the same, like strength or protection. There are even some special enchanting specifically made for a human, like wisdom, life, fly or talent. Dream apparently studied them all for the past week, preparing for today. On the legs Tommy would have speed, on the left arm flame, on the right channeling, on the back some enchanting he didn't recognize called life and fly, and on the chest blast protection. Dream would have wisdom on his neck, strength on his left arm, and talent on his right shoulder. Dream already finished his, and now they worked on getting his done.

"Phew! Finally done." Dream relaxed his arms while getting his tools off of Tommy's back.

"Took you long enough." Tommy signed in relief. He stretched he back and arms, feeling

sore and tired.

“I know it took long. Now would you please sit back in the chair so I can continue?”

Tired from the process he began to protest, but before he could his head became foggy, then clear. He blinked, sitting in the chair again. What? When did he-

“Give me your left arm, and don’t move it.” Dream ordered.

His mind became foggy again, only staying half lucid, like he was watching from his eyes, but unable to move his own body, as he raised his arm showing it to dream. While his mind was like this, It seemed like time didn’t even pass. before he could think of what was happening, his head cleared again and on his shoulder was a complete new tattoo. Baffled, he looked at dream, staring at his mask, questioning him. Dream only stared back, then ordering him to lay on the table revealing his chest. Again, before he could sign anything, his mind became foggy, and he watched himself, laying on the table, taking his cloak and shirt off. It didn’t even seem like a minute had passed and he was suddenly standing up, his clothes on him again, and the new tattoo on his chest. Dream was standing next to him, staring at him, like he was reading him. Tommy, a bit dizzy, raised his shaking hands, and signed; “what did you do to me?”

Dream only smiled behind his mask and said, “just gave you a small gift, that’s all.”

\*\*\*

Techno was tired of waiting. Dream was late, which was really unlike him. Even Phil started to look uneasy, eyeing the trees. Just as he began to get worried it all might just be a trap, a large burst of wind came from above, with two figures, one with what seemed like transparent wings and the other riding him, landing next to them. The wings dissolved into the air as they landed, and the one riding the other, now recognizable as Dream, jumped off the other, which was the ‘imposter’ he saw this morning. They both raised their eyebrows in disbelief by the sight, as the two stood before them adjusting their clothing.

“What just happened?” Phil broke the silence.

“Hello to you too, and to answer your question, nothing too important. What’s important is today’s goal, is it not?”

Technoblade’s mind was racing, and the voices laughing and freaking out from the situation were not exactly helping. He needed to focus. The goal. The government. What they needed to do.

“destroying la’manberg right?” Phil asked when techno stayed silent.

“Yes. Do you have the TNT?” Dream asked.

“We didn’t have a lot of time to prepare, but we got about a stack and a half.”

“Good. Then I’ll fill you in. The plan is to go in, and threaten the government that if they don’t release Tommy from his hiding we’ll blow it all up. In the meantime-“

“Wait what?!” Both Technoblade and Phil yelled in shock. “They have Tommy?!” Techno yelled in anger and surprise.

“Of course not.” Dream said in a mocking voice, and techno and Phil sighed in relief. “It’s an empty threat. As I was saying, in the meantime my partner here would-“

“Who is he anyway? I don’t recognize him, is he new?” Techno cut him off again. Dream sighed in frustration and replied “it doesn’t matter now. What matter is that he decided to help us and that the end of it. Now AGAIN, as I was saying, my partner would be placing the TNT from below while i distract them. You two will be hiding and waiting for my signal to come out. When he’s done, and out of danger, I will send you the signal. Then we blow up



the leftovers of the country, commit some murder, and leave. Sounds good?”

Techno and Phil looked at each other, then back at the green man and his partner, nodding. “Great. Let’s get going.” Not even waiting for anyone or looking back, Dream started walking towards the direction of the country, his partner following behind him. Still a bit in shock but slowly recovering, Phil and techno followed as well.

It was a silent walk, everyone a bit tense except from Dream. Phil silently walked a bit quicker catching up to the red dream, now next to him. He didn’t even reacted.

“So, you got a name mate?”

The red dream tensed, then raising his hands, making a jester with shaking fingers. Phil bit was confused from the gesture at first, then his eyes widen, realizing. “You’re mute?” He asked quietly, nearly whispering, yet everyone heard him. The red dream looked uncomfortable, but nodded. Techno’s eyes widen as well, now understanding the gesture he made back when they first met. It was sign language. Phil looked sad, then tore his eyes away from the white mask. They continued to walk quietly, not starting another conversation.

\*\*\*

Tubbo was a mess. I’d been almost a month since Tommy’s been missing, and now Dream was missing as well. The execution was a disaster, and he was tired. Quackity was taking charge most of the time as of lately, and he felt his position slip away from his hands, making him useless. Ranboo was helping, but most of the time he just felt horrible. He missed Tommy. A lot. And now even if he wanted, he couldn’t take him back from exile, because he wasn’t even there. So yeah. He was a mess.

Suddenly he heard yelling, and a familiar voice saying his name. He slowly got up to see what the commotion was about. From afar he recognized quackity and fundy yell at... is that dream?! He ran the towards the yelling men, as he began to hear what they were yelling about.

“Where is he?!”

“Why would he be with us?! We thought he was with you!!”

“I know he’s here!”

“What’s going on here?” Tubbo interrupted.

They all stared at him, fundy relieved, quackity annoyed, and Dream... well, he couldn’t really tell. He started to sweat, but kept his back straight.

“Where are you hiding him? I already know you’re hiding him, just tell me where already so I can take him and leave.” Dream said firmly.

“Hiding who?” Tubbo asked, confused.

“He thinks we’re hiding Tommy for some reason.” Fundy said.

Tubbo tensed then looked at Dream with disbelief. Is he actually...?

“We aren’t hiding him, we have no reason to. He’s exiled, remember?” Tubbo said with a serious tone.

“Quit the lying Tubbo. I already know he’s here, I have a good source. Now hand him over.” Dream said angrily.

Tubbo frowned at the answer, trying again.

“I promise you Dream, I have no reason to lie to you. We haven’t seen Tommy in months. Now why don’t we-“

“You can’t lie to me tubbo! I said I already know, so quit the act! Now if you don’t want me blowing up la’manberg, then you will hand him to me right now!” Dream yelled.

The trio paled at his words. “You- you wouldn’t...” fundy whispered.

“I said what I would do. Now go get Tommy, or instead of a country you’ll have a crater. You decide what’s more important, your country, or your friendship.” Dream said with poison in his voice, turning around, quickly climbed a nearby building and sitting on it staring at them from afar.

They all looked at each other, lost. Tubbo held his head in his hand, covering his tired eyes.

“Fuck.” He whispered.

Quackity nodded, looking frustrated. “Fuck indeed.”

## Chapter End Notes

You guys are so nice! Thanks for all of the support!

Also I have no idea where I want this story to go, I’m pretty much making this up as I go.

Also, I sketched my Tommy today, so if you’re curious about how he looks...

<https://twitter.com/colorns1/status/1395861740840173571?s=21>

# La'manBOOM

## Chapter Summary

It's about to go down.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Ok, so this is the plan. One of us will search for Tommy, while the rest distract Dream. I mean he can't be very far from exile can he?”

The three men were currently sitting in the White House, cracking their head trying to find a solution. Quackity shook his head at fundy, with a grim face.

“That wouldn't work. Think, if Dream had to actually ask around to find Tommy, then the chance of finding him with a time limit is small. We can't win this battle with words. We need to be smarter. Dream can't be at two places at once right? So he might has TNT planted in la'manberg, but he can't keep us from taking it if he's not there to guard it. So two of us distracted him, while one of us go and grab it. After they finish, they come back saying Tommy's gone. we might have Dream get angry, but he won't be able to do anything. That the only way.”

Fundy smiled and nodded, but tubbo didn't like the plan.

“Why CANT we solved his with words? I'm sure we can convince Dream we don't have him, or that we even help him search instead of scamming him. This would only lead us to another war quackity, and I promised I wouldn't do that.”

Quackity face harden, the he sighed. “Fine. But if this doesn't work I'll, quote unquote, confess to Dream about hiding Tommy and go take the TNT. Deal?”

Tubbo relieved that they didn't argue more wasting precious time, nodded. “Deal. Let's go.” And with that they ran out, hurrying to Dream.

\*\*\*

Tommy was mining, and placing, mining and placing. His mind was blurry again, and he was now underground wandering where it all went wrong. Why had dream done this to him? He thought they were friends weren't they? He tried to remember if he did something wrong to upset him, something that made him untrustworthy.

Then he remembered, that only a few weeks ago they were enemies. he remembered his older brother, paranoid, doubting everyone around him. He wanted to cry, be sad for these poor men, sorry for being so untrusting, so stuck in the past. Be he couldn't, unable to control his own body, his face stayed still, not even able to frown.

Suddenly, he heard the familiar sound of someone mining near him. And just like that, he woke up from his foggy state, he quickly switched to his sword from the TNT, and got on

guard. Soon enough he heard talking as well, cursing to be exact. He quietly snuck closer to the sound like dream had taught him, following the noises of TNT breaking and loud floor tapping. Too loud for sneaking, he thought. They are clearly not on guard. He would do a sneak attack then. He quietly broke some TNT behind his enemy in purpose to recognize them. He got a quick glance at him, recognizing the blue beanie and black hair. Quackity then.

He glanced at his inventory. Only one stack of TNT left. He looked back at quackity, then smiled wickedly. He quickly messaged Dream, then grabbed his flint and steel. He lighted some TNT next to him, then quickly run for the exit. quackity shot his head back hearing the noise, looking terrified. Tommy raised his hand waving good bye while spreading his wings flying out of the hole quackity dug to get in. As he flew high, the sound of exploding TNT around him, his smile grew wider, and he spread his arms never feeling more free. He looked down, now hearing yelling, and the sight filled him with joy.

He looked at what used to be a country, a place where men could go and emancipate. He saw tubbo and Fundy fighting dream, techno and Phil getting out of hiding, joining him. He saw ranboo struggling to get out of what used to be a house. He saw Nihachu saluting to him from afar, then heading to l'mantree with a flint and steel. He saw Eret running towards the crater. He saw antifrost bad and puffy screaming from a tower nearby.

He looked up to the sky then closed his eyes. He finally knew the truth. The truth both Eret and Wilbur knew. He laughed with no voice, a silent laugh that nobody heard. Because now he finally realized, why it was never meant to be.

\*\*\*

Niki was just done making some cookies when she heard a large BANG. She ran out to check what happened, finding la'manberg in shambles. Shocked she looked around, seeing Dream fighting tubbo and fundy, technoblade and Philza behind him.

Then she noticed something red in the sky, just in the middle of la'manberg. It was a winged man, his face covered with a white mask similar to dream's. He was flying above the now craitor that was l'manberg, with his arms spread. He looked around him, scanning his surroundings, then he noticed her.

Smiling she raised her hand saluting to the stranger. Thanks to him, she got the revenge she wanted. She grabbed the flint and steel from her inventory. She glanced around searching something to ursine, quickly eyeing l'mantree. Perfect.

\*\*\*

Tubbo was frustrated. Dream just wouldn't let this go! He'd been trying everything he thought would calm him down, every ultimatum, but nope! He just wanted Tommy Tommy Tommy. Why did he even want Tommy? Eventually quackity stepped in, sayings would go get him. Tubbo wanted to protest, but they agreed they would do quackity's plan if tubbo's would fail. So he just bit his lip and kept quiet. They kept arguing on the matter, Dream asking where, why, all kinds of bullshit, and tubbo not having answers to give him.

"You know this is treason right? You can be--"

Dream suddenly stopped in his words, looking at his communicator. Tubbo tensed, but before could wonder why, Dream turned around and ran. Not a second later he heard an explosion

sound behind him, and he turned around to see la'manberg becoming ruins. A winged man flew from the middle of the crater, wearing red, with a white mask. He turned around, and just in time too, because Dream came back, technoblade and Phil running behind him. Terrified, he ran and ran, away from his blow up country, from his friends, his enemies, and away from the horrible truth of the small voice that whispered in his head; "you're no better than them."

\*\*\*

Tommy looked around once more. He saw how everyone looked at him, the lost terrified faces that stared, in awe, fear or rage. This must be how his brother felt. Tommy continued to look, then came to a decision. He looked around, then finding the man he wanted, crying, down to his feet, above the crater. He flew down to him, and stared. The man looked up at him, his eyes and cheeks burning from the tears. Tommy untouched, grabbed him by the shirt and took off again, now heading to dream's direction, who was in the middle of a chase. He landed to his side, then dropped the crying scared ghost in front of him.

"What?" Dream ask, annoyed by the interruption.

"I want my payment." Tommy signed.

Dream straightened his back, then signed back; "now?"

Tommy nodded, then pointed at ghostber. Dream sighed, then grabbing his sword stabbing him through the chest. Behind him techno and Phil yelled, but it was too late, because he dissolved into the air, only leaving a blue stain on the ground. Dream whispered something behind his breath, then looking at him, then pointed at something behind him. Tommy's face lit up, spread his wings once more, and flew as quickly as he could to the direction he was pointing at. He could already recognise him from a distance, and his smile widen more and more as he got closer. He landed in the hole in the hill, looking down at the familiar man.

Tommy took his mask off, surprising the man in front of him. As tears flowed down his face, he knelt down to him brother and hugged him tightly, never wanting to let go.

'Welcome back' he had wanted to say, but all he could do was hug him and wish his brother understood.

## Chapter End Notes

I decided in the end I don't want the festival in, so um, sorry if you wanted to see it.

(If you see a spelling mistake that I missed, or something I wrote wrong, don't be afraid to tell me! It helps a lot.)

# Alive

## Chapter Summary

Ohhhh I've been waiting for this one.

## Chapter Notes

I'm really speedrunning this story lol

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur heard a sound. He didn't think he'll ever hear that sound again but here he was. With wide eyes he hoped, that MAYBE it will be tommy, or Phil, or well, any of his friends for that matter. Actually, anyone will be fine. The train appeared, thick smoke coming out of it, clouding his vision. And then it finally stopped, the doors opened and someone walked out, with the most terrified face he'd seen.

"Quackity...?" Wilbur stood up, walking towards the familiar man, who was walking away from the train line, as the train started to move again.

"That motherfucker! He- he blow up everything!- everything's gone..."

Wilbur took a step back in surprised panic, then realising he probably wasn't talking about him. Probably. At least, he hoped so.

"What are you talking about?" Wilbur asked nervous, walking towards Quackity again, now more carefully.

"Oh, hi Wilbur. I'm talking about that red dream! That bitch blow up la'manberg, and I don't even know who is he because of his fucking mask! And now I'm stuck on a fucking staircase with no end or beginning! This sucks!" Quackity replied, throwing his hands in the air.

"Oh." Wilbur said in relief he isn't angry at him. "dream killed you?"

"And blow up la'manberg with him! Spread some wings or some shit out of nowhere, and I got stuck between the TNT. And I don't even know who he is! This really sucks."

Wilbur stayed quiet, having nothing to say to the man. It really is a shameful death, not knowing your killer.

Quackity grumbled "is there even a way out of this place?"

"sorry, no way out. You saying you're on a staircase?" Wilbur asked.

"You're not?" Quackity asked in confusion.

"It's different for everyone. I'm in a train station."

"Oh."

"Yeah. So a winged red dream killed you?"

"Can't really miss the white mask and red hood." He grumbled.

Wilbur snorted. Quackity gave him a small smile, then his face darken again, looking away.

They stayed quiet for a while, sitting next to each other, hoping the other would start the conversation again.

Then out of the blue, the sound of a train coming into the station started again, and Wilbur stood up in surprise, and Quackity looked at him confused.

"It seems we might in luck, someone's coming." Wilbur said.

"Really? How can you tell?" Quackity asked with wide eyes.

"I hear a train coming in." He said, walking towards the train line.

Quackity stayed quiet, looking at him with questioning eyes.

And as the train appeared in front of him, smoke flowing from every corner, the doors opened, and in front of him he saw a person he'd never thought he would see again.

"Drea--"

And just like that, dream pulled him by the shirt, and everything went black.

\*\*\*

Then he woke up. He was shaking, his arms weak, his legs not even able to hold the Weight of his own body. Was he alive? Where was he? Just a second ago he was at station... dream, he- he took me with him. I got on a train. I'm out. IM FUCKING OUT! Wilbur laughed, releasing all his stress and pain from all these years of no daylight. Thirteen years he'd been stuck in that train station, THIRTEEN!! He breathed in air, smelled it, a sour dry flavour in his mouth. He felt his body ache in pain, he felt the air, he FELT.

He looked up from the stone floor, la'manberg in front of him. I'd really been chaos like Quackity said, everything is ruins like he remembered it. People were screaming, yelling, crying, despair in their eyes. He remembered this moment, this feeling. But the despair wasn't directed at him this time, and Phil wasn't here to kill him. He didn't want to die this time, no, he smiled, full of hope from this second chance, happy he got to live again.

From a distance, at first he thought he imagined it, a red dream, like an angle, flew towards him. His eyes widen as he heard the screaming getting louder, as everyone stared at the angle, he realised it isn't an hallucination, and a winged dream was actually flying straight to him. Remembering what quackity said, he began to already welcome death again, wondering if this was the end, before it could even start. Then the dream slowed down, landing in front of him. And as he took off his mask...

"Tommy?" He whispered in fear barely hearing himself, looking up at his younger brother, older then ever, with a mature look in his eyes, a look he wasn't supposed to have, with scars that weren't supposed to be, holding a mask he'd never even imagined his brother would dare wear. Tears flowed down his brothers face, as he kneeled down to him, then hugging him so tightly, he felt like he couldn't breathe again.

They have been sitting there, just hugging quietly, desperately hoping the other would understand. They could have been there forever, but the screaming suddenly got louder, now HIS name being yelled in fear. Tommy let go, then grabbed his mask, putting it on again, then covered his hair with the hood, still quiet. It was so strange to see his brother, so in control of his actions, so still, *so quiet. His brother gave him a hand, his mask covering any emotion. Hesitate at first, he grabbed the hand offered to him, pulling him up. He was trembling, barely holding himself. Tommy looking down at his shaking legs, then pulled him, and in one*

*swoop he was already on his brother's back, flying above his nation, his unfinished symphony. They finished it, he thought, Tommy finished it for him.*

\*\*\*

Techno thought he was dreaming. He must have been, because from the looks of it, the fraud had just asked dream to murder the ghost of his dead brother. He couldn't think, he couldn't, as the imposter was already in the air, flying to the direction Dream pointed at. He couldn't think, already forgetting about tubbo and fundy running away. He couldn't think, as the voices filled his mind, yelling one thing together, all at once. BLOOD, they yelled. And so he yelled too, and with Phil yelling beside him, his sword clashed against dream's. His blood was boiling, and no emotion was there except from fury. He lost his brother to the stupid government AGAIN- and it was all dream's fault.

The air was still, the movement was the only thing that existed beside of his anger. Another hit, and another one, with every inch of his being he screamed the voice's scream, red eyed, he found an opening in dream's stance.

And just before he took the hit, a yell he thought he would never hear, a voice that stood above the others that were screaming in his ears and mind, called his name. He stopped his movement, looking up at the red dream, flying down from the sky, holding...

"will." He heard a soft voice say close to him. He looked at Phil, his hands covering his mouth. "Hi dad." His brother said, smiling weakly, now getting down from the back of the red dream, his feet shaking. And for the first time today, he ignored the voices around him, rushing to his brother, *his brother, now closer to him then ever.*

The family held the lost brother, crying, smiling, scared, everything was there, all at once. The red dream was next to them, looking at them, but he paid no mind to him. All that matters was his brother was-

"Tommy, join us please."

Techno froze. He looked around searching, then back at Wilbur, following the direction his eyes went. In shock he realized he was talking to the red dream. He looked behind the imposter, searching for Tommy, but no one was there. Slowly, the imposter came closer, and will's arm stretched wide, accepting a hug. What the heck? As the red dream came closer and closer, he noticed the tears that flowed down from below the mask, how his hands were shaking, and how his breath got shaky in such a familiar way.

His eyes widen even more with every step the imposter took, noticing some bright blond hairs hiding in his hood, noticing his height, how he held himself, everything clicking, everything getting put together like a puzzle. Tommy cried as Wilbur hugged him, and techno was filled with surprised joy, seeing his brothers together again, after all this time. He didn't cry, he wouldn't, but he held them tight, Phil doing the same, as he felt like the victory they had couldn't have been sweeter.



Sorry Quackity stans, it's better this way.

GUYS I GOT FANART

[https://twitter.com/ant\\_fanta/status/1396181599306358785?s=21](https://twitter.com/ant_fanta/status/1396181599306358785?s=21)

LOOK AT THISSSSSS

# Barriers

## Chapter Summary

I'll make you feel things if you like it or not.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Tommy.”

Tommy suddenly let go of the tight hug, really suddenly. The family stared at him with surprise, shocked by the sudden cold response.

“Let’s go home.” Dream ordered.

Without hesitance Tommy’s transparent wings appeared, walked toward dream, then quickly keeling down, dream getting on his back.

“Wait- wait! Where are you going?!” Wilbur yelled, his voice desperate.

Dream stopped moving, then turning his head to the lost looking family, trying so hard to understand why Tommy was going with dream.

Tommy hadn’t moved an inch, his body as still as a statue.

“Home.” Dream replied shortly, fully climbing Tommy’s back. They took off immediately, not one more moment in la’manberg, or at least what’s left of it.

“But- I just got him back. I just got back! Why did he- why did he *leave*?” Wilbur asked, tears still in his eyes. Phil and techno only stayed silent, looking at dream and tommy disappearing into the distance, with no answer to give him.

“What did you just do?” A familiar voice, asked angrily behind them. They turned around, Phil supporting Wilbur, as they saw the large crowd behind them, half of them in full netherite, as well as eret, standing in front.

“Well, I think that’s our cue to go. See ya!” Techno said, his voice slightly panicking.

“No you fucking don’t!” Someone yelled, but they couldn’t tell who, because they’d already started running, Wilbur on philza’s back.

And so they chased them until the sun went down, and they couldn’t chase them anymore.

\*\*\*

Tommy wouldn’t answer dream. He would stay silent, stay still, and would not sign to him unless dream ordered him to. Dream know he was just throwing a tantrum, but he hated the feeling of being ignored nonetheless. They were eating dinner at Dream’s order, and Tommy eat slowly and quietly. He had kept his mask on his eyes, which was unlike him, even dream took his off when eating at home.

It was so frustrating, not understanding why Tommy wasn’t talking to him. He would ALWAYS talk at dinner time, signing nonstop talking about everything and anything. As

much as Tommy had changed these last past months, he had still stayed the same tommy. cursing with no care in the world, his face moving from one expression from another within seconds, just his moral compass had changed drastically. So Tommy just pretty much trying to murder his food in angry silence, it just pissed him off.

“Ok, that’s enough. What’s going on with you? You’ve been silent all evening, and I can’t stand it.” Dream said, rubbing his eyes with his fingers.

Tommy finally looked at him, taken aback from the statement.

“What going on with me?! What do you mean what’s going on with me?! You took me from my family, without even asking me! You grabbed me and left, like the puppet I am to you! I tried to HELP you, and this is how you reward me! I can’t say no to anything you say already because of the stupid tattoo, so why don’t you let me go? I just got Wilbur back! I was going to help him too! I’m not a servant, you don’t pay me, and I have my own feelings and choices to make! I’m your FRIEND dream, and friends aren’t puppets!”

Tommy stood up now, his chair on the floor behind him. Dream sat there, his lips glowed to each other, frozen from the sudden speech. Tommy was angry at him. He didn’t even consider that. Of course he didn’t like having a leash he now realised. Tommy was always a free spirit, nothing stopping him from doing what he wanted. That wouldn’t change in a few months.

He thought to himself for a minute, then sighing, getting up from his chair as well. “I’m sorry Tommy, I didn’t consider you might want to go back. It is rather lonely here, and your family just came back to life. You may go wherever you like tommy, but please come back once in a while to visit. I’d like you to keep helping me, you are a great asset to me, and an even grater friend.” He added in the end, just in the last second. Tommy’s shoulders relaxed, now smiling, still only his mouth visible from the mask covering most of his face. “Thanks you. I really appreciate it. And don’t worry, I’ll visit every day, it is my home after all. Can’t really take my room with me.”

Dream chuckled. “Actually you might just be able to, you have literally nothing in there except from what you need.”

Tommy blushed from beneath his mask, then his hands signed at extreme speed excuses while being “extremely offended.” Dream only smile while sitting back down, teasing him back. Tommy sat back down as well, and took off his mask, as they continued the “fight”. This was how it was supposed to be, he thought. One moment blowing up a county, the next have discussion about their day. He smiled. It’s funny how this first started as tricking tommy into helping him, and ended with them actually becoming friends. They both changed he realised. But you know? He didn’t care. Not when his best friend was sitting in front of him, praising himself and sometimes him. Yeah, he thought, this was ok.

\*\*\*

“Did you grab everything? Armor? Enderchest? The books?”

Dream looked at tommy with a slight worry, making sure he took everything with him.

“Dream you literally said yesterday I have nothing to take. I’ll be fine!” Tommy signed, getting annoyed from Dream’s stupid checklist. He wasn’t a child, he can take care of himself!

“Fine fine! Go then. If you think you’re so ready then leave already!”

“I will!”

“Good!”

“Good!”

Then he left. Dream sighed, looking at the front door shut, then at the floor.

...

Aaaaaand not a second later tommy came back, walking past him heading to his room, then coming out now with his mask on his face. Dream chuckled, as tommy flipped him off, then headed out again. Dream shook his head smiling to himself, then headed to the library to study.

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He was staring at the door. He kept staring, unable to knock. Two minutes ago he nearly got the courage to, but backed away in the last second. He couldn't do it. He can't face them, not when the last thing he did was leave without saying good bye. It didn't matter if he wasn't in control, he still did it. But he promised he'd help Wilbur, *he'd promised*. He groaned in his head, then cursed. He raised his hand a second time, so close to the door, a millimetre away.

And just as he touched the hard wood, the door opened, Phil standing in front of him. Stunned, his hand froze in place, too surprised to sign anything. Phil looked at him in shock, not knowing what to say himself. they had heard techno ask “Phil?” From the main room. They did not move. Then, Phil took his hand off the handle, hugging Tommy tightly. Tommy blinked, then moved his hands as well, slowly hugging Phil back. He heard movement from the house, and not a moment later he was squished by his brothers and father. He let them have a minute, but after that he pushed them a bit, reminding them he still needed to breathe. They understood the jester, backing away, then staring at him, like they were waiting for him to say something. He swallowed, then rose his hand, signing “good to see you again.” They looked at him in shock at first, then Phil and techno's face darkened. Techno grabbed him by the hand, gently leading him to the kitchen table, as Phil and Wilbur, still looking lost, followed them.

“Sit.” Techno said, pointing at a chair. Tommy sat, wondering what's happening. Techno went over to the stove, taking an empty bowl from the shelf, then filling it with soup from a cooking pot. Tommy raised his hand, protesting, then realising techno wasn't looking at him. He got up, and techno shot his head back from the noise, a hard look in his eyes, and said firmly “*sit*.” Tommy sat.

Techno continued to pour the soup, then walked to him, handing it. Tommy sat in silence, then slowly grabbed the bowl, and drank it. It was warm, not too hot. It wasn't the best, but it wasn't bad at all. He finished it, then putting it on the table. The room was quiet again. A minute flew by, everyone just staring at him.

He began to feel uncomfortable under the stares he got, so he grabbed his books from his inventory, sliding them on the table. It was two books, one labelled “sign language for beginners”, and the other had an empty, simple leather cover, and a quill was attached to it. The three men stared at the books on the table, not saying a word yet.

Tommy opened the leather covered book, taking the quill, then writing down, “learn with this. It helped me when I needed it, and now you need it. So take it.” Then handing the leather book to techno. Techno grabbed it, his eyebrows going slightly upwards as he read it, then handed it to Phil, who handed it to will. Tommy then took the sign language book and

handed it as well. Techno looked at it for a moment, then sighed. He took it, then put in his inventory. Tommy smiled to reassure them, then realised his mask was still on him face. He took it off, then smiled again. Phil and techno looked at him with disbelief and conflict, and they had something in their eyes he couldn't figure out. Wilbur only looked relieved and happy.

Wilbur got up, and handed the leather book back. Tommy took it, then wrote "thanks", and then did the sign for thanks. He pointed at the book to Wilbur who gave him a weird look, then did the sign again but slower. Wilbur then nodded in understanding, and asked "so this is thanks?" And copied the movement. Tommy nodded smiling, and signed "yes." Then he took the quill again, writing 'yes' on the book. Wilbur looked at the book, then asked him to repeat the sign. Tommy smiled, excited to teach.

## Chapter End Notes

Less angst today :)

Also, yayyyy we reached 11 thousand words! So quickly too.

# president of no land.

## Chapter Summary

It's time to take action.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Well you all probably know why I gathered you all here.” Tubbo started. Ranboo raised his hand. “Yes ranboo?” Tubbo sighed. “I don’t remember.” Tubbo looked at him slightly disappointed. “We’ve been over this ranboo, dream, Technoblade, Philza and a red dream attacked la’manberg, and got out alive. We came here to discuss the capture of the four men, as well as discuss the identity of the red dream. Now, does anyone have any idea of who this red dream is?”

The room stayed quiet. It had all the citizens of la’manberg, as well as king Eret, puffy, Sam, bad, and Jack manifold, that had snack in somehow. Some people were missing, as well as Niki and Quackity, who are suspected to have died from the explosion. Fundy filled Quackity’s position at the minute, leaving an empty spot for secretary of state. But they didn’t have time to search for a replacement. It didn’t matter anyway, since la’manberg was gone now. They were all grieving, but tubbo couldn’t grieve, even if he wanted to. He had something to do.

“No one huh? Then we will make a party to investigate. He is clearly working with dream, so we can spy on his house. Do we know where his house is?” Silence again. Then fundy raised his hand, and tubbo’s face lit up. “yes fundy?” He asked. “Isn’t he homeless?” Tubbo frowned. “It’s a lie. He probably has a secret base somewhere. So we don’t know where he lives. The next option is to spy on Phil and technoblade-“ “and Wilbur.” Eret added with a grim face. Tubbo looked at the table. “Yes. And Wilbur. Do not worry, I didn’t forget Wilbur’s betrayal. He put lives in risk as well, so he will be in the same trial as them. Now, we need someone to spy on them. Once we find out who is the red dream and where the base is, we will strike and arrest them. Does anyone have a problem with this plan?”

The room stayed quiet. Tubbo might not be president anymore, but he was still in charge. These people got hurt under his protection, and he was responsible for the loss of their home. “Good. Who comes with me?” Tubbo asked. “What do you mean who comes with you? Where are you going?” Ranboo asked with a worried look. “To techno’s house of course. I’m responsible, so I’ll spy on them. But I do need help, so one or too people can go with me.” Tubbo answered. “But- but you can’t-“ ranboo protested, his face becoming scared, but Jack cut him. “He certainly can ranboo. He’s right, he is responsible. And I’m coming with you.” He said, turning his head to tubbo with a determined look in his eyes.

Tubbo nodded, then asked “who else?” The room got quiet, then fundy rose his hand. “I will.” Tubbo frowned, but nodded. He didn’t like fundy spying on his now very much alive father, but he couldn’t protest knowing it will hurt fundy even more. “Good. Everyone else, be prepared for a fight. We will be coming back in a few days, and if we don’t get back within a week raid the house. Eret will be in charge, if that is ok with you of course.” Eret nodded, not looking happy, but he agreed nonetheless.

“Thank you Eret. This meeting is over then. Jack, fundy, come with me. We need to prepare.” Everyone slowly walked out of the room, quietly discussing the meeting with each other. Tubbo sighed. He had so much work to do. He left the building, Jack and fundy behind him.

\*\*\*

The last week and a half had been the most happy Tommy had been in years. At the mornings he would eat with dream, afternoon he would travel to see the crafts, stay until sundown, then travel back home. They would always ask him to stay, sleep in the guest room, but he would always refuse, nodding his head, signing “no”. That was actually one of the few signs they all really remembered how to do correctly.

Sometimes they would ask him gently about how he got his scars, or when did he become mute, but these time he would stay quiet, stare at a window or the floor, avoiding their eyes. sometimes he would even get up to go outside, standing there to think, no matter how cold it was. They stopped asking after a while.

Wilbur always tried so hard to learn sign, it was very easy to see that. if they weren’t practicing together or doing anything special, he would always see him with the book he gave them, practicing the alphabet, or learning the sign for “clock” or “you’re welcome”. Phil also said he caught Wilbur multiple times sitting near the fireplace at midnight, or hear him through the wall of his room, practicing. He smiled knowing how much he really cared. He was really glad Wilbur was back, he thought, he had really missed him.

Techno would always make him something to eat when he arrived, be it work soup or some bread and butter. no matter how much he protested that he was not hungry, or that he ate just an hour ago, techno would always glare at him until he sat down again. He was the worst at sign in the house, but then and again, they didn’t talk a lot anyway so it didn’t matter that much. And if he did want to say something to techno that was too complicated for him to understand, he would either ask Wilbur to translate, or write it down for him to read.

Phil was... confusing him to say the least. He was clearly glad Wilbur was brought back, and grateful Tommy left the nation, but he had this sadness in his eyes whenever he looked at Tommy and will talking, like one of them did something bad to the other, but neither knew what, and he refused to tell him. Or at least he kept quiet about it. He sometimes would join them in their study sessions, and they would teach him on what he missed, or practice the basics of something Wilbur already learned. These times he would smile, and the sadness would disappear from his eyes. Tommy liked it a lot when it happened.

Tommy was on his way there right now, walking through the woods of the snow biome. He suddenly heard a twig break, and turned his head immediately taking his bow out in instinct. It was a fox. He sighed in relief, returning the bow to his inventory as the fox ran away, and kept walking through the white forest. Soon enough he saw the wooden house, and smiled

beneath his mask. Now feeling more safe, he ran to the house with joy, his hood falling off his head, and took off his mask entirely knowing no one will see him except his family. He ran to the door, not bothering to knock knowing they were expecting him. He opened the door loudly, announcing his arrival with the noise. What he didn't know, was that between the same trees he walked beneath, three men were watching him ran to the house, one holding his hands on him mouth, crying his eyes out, struggling so hard to not shout the name of his lost best friend.

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“It's Tommy. It's fucking Tommy. Of course it's Tommy! Why wouldn't it be him?! Every fucking controversy involved him somehow, of course he would be involved again!” Jack grumbled to himself, his face red with anger. Fundy just looked lost, eyeing tubbo every minute, as if he was checking if he was ok. And oh **god**, tubbo was not ok. Tommy was working with dream, Tommy was working with technoblade, he was working with Phil, he REVIVED Wilbur, he killed ghostber, he- he blow up la'manberg. He blow up their home, killing Quackity with it, he hurt so many people, so many people that could have died in the explosion. He betrayed *everyone*. He- he'd lost his best friend. His eyes were watering again with the thought, still red from when he cried not ago. Before fundy could notice him cry again he rubbed his tears away with his hands, so nobody would notice anything.

They walked through the forest in silence, only Jack's angry monologuing breaking the silence. Tubbo wondered where he went wrong, when was Tommy's breaking point, why he never told him anything, send any letters. *Exile*, the small voice in his head said, *you did this*. Tubbo shook his head. No, it was dream, it was always dream. It was them against the world, wasn't it? But if it was, why did Tommy do this? Why work with the enemy? Was it for revenge? But didn't he know dream forced tubbo's hand? Didn't he realise the stress he was under? Tubbo had so many questions, with no one to answer them. Only Tommy could. But Tommy was with the enemy. And as much as he wanted to to the house, hug him, cry and tell him it was all ok and he already forgave him, he had promised everyone he would put the crafts and dream in their place. He would capture them, then kill them for their crimes. He shivered. He didn't know if he could ever execute Tommy, giving the order or not.

He looked at the road ahead, almost crying again. He didn't know what to do.

## Chapter End Notes

Tubbo refuses to realise his mistakes. Bad tubbo, stop being selfish.

I want nice Wilbur, I can't write him evil... let's just say Tommy never dying and Wilbur coming back early changed some stuff for him. Yeah. That'll do.

There are so many of you guys now, and you just keep on coming! Thank you so much, I didn't expect this at all, I just started this for fun.



# **As people say when it seems like there's no hope: shit, fuck, oh god no.**

## Chapter Summary

They run and plan.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“And I was walking through the forest, and a twig broke on the ground but in the end it was just a fox so nobody followed me-“ Tommy had been monologuing the past hour and dream had been half listening, but the last part caught his attention.

“Wait. A fox?” Dream interrupted the monologuing his face becoming serious. Tommy’s hands stopped for a moment, then his eyes widened with fear. “I’ve been seen.” He signed with shaking hands.

Dream got up, his face hard, his eyes fearful. “We’re packing. Now. Take every book you can on you, leave anything we don’t need. Be careful to not leave any kind of enchanting book.” Tommy dropped his fork and ran to his room then coming back with his armour and backpack. He started grabbing every single book he could from the magic section, stuffing it in the bag or his inventory, depending how important it was. Dream himself was doing the same, taking some potions and materials as well.

The panic packing had been going for 40 minutes, running across the library back and forth, making sure they took everything important. Next dream wrote a letter for them, leaving it on the table. Wasting no time, they ran out the door, dashing through forest and fields, as fast as they could, hurrying to the craft house. Just before they entered the familiar snow biome Tommy drank an invisibility potion dream thrown at him, then continued running to the house. Dream knocked on the door loud and fast, impatient. Techno then opened the door with all his armour out, a sword in his hand, then realising who is in front of him. “They found us out.” Dream said, getting in quickly not waiting for him to let him in, Tommy behind him. Techno noticed the particles on the ground and in the air, his face darkened, and closed the door.

\*\*\*

The room was quiet, ready for tubbo to start, to tell information, say anything, but he stayed quiet, bags under his eyes, his nose red and his eyes dry. He looked horrible, and nobody knew what happened or what to do. Fundy was staring at the table looking like he was about to cry as well, and Jack just looked pissed, but saying nothing as well.

After a minute had asked quietly “did you find anything?” Jack immediately snorted. “Oh, we found something alright. We found the motherfucker’s identity.”

“You did?” Sam asked surprised. “Yeah, we did. Saw him taking the mask off. I’m waiting for tubbo to say it though.” Jack smirked. Tubbo eyes wetted again, his head down. The room got quiet again, and Puffy had enough. “Ok, if you two won’t say anything, then fundy, what do you know?” Fundy gave her a scared look, then glanced at tubbo, with his eyes begging him to say it instead. Tubbo flinched at the look, the sighed. He rose his head, not even bothering to wipe his tears anymore.

“We found him at the forest nearby. Fundy scouted the area in his fox form, while we searched the sky with invis. Fundy found him, but broke a branch out of panic. Luckily he didn’t suspect a thing. We saw him walk through the forest, he looked like he know the way like he’d done it a hundred times already. As he finally got out of the forest, he ran to the house, the wind taking him hood off, and then he took the mask off as well just before he got to the door.”

Tubbo then got quiet, taking deep breaths, trying to calm down. “And? Who was it?” Eret asked, his voice quiet as well, like he was afraid to find out. Tubbo opened his mouth, but nothing came out. He lowered his head again, then shook it. Jack huffed in annoyance, and fundy looked unhappy.

Looking around the room, he realised he had no choice, so fundy stood up, his hands shaking. “The red dream is Tommy innit.” Everyone yelled at once.

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“So fundy found you out huh.” Phil asked, staring into the air in front of him. The quill rose, writing “yes” on the book. Dream had explained the situation, and now they were thinking about how to go about this. Tommy wrote he had an idea, and will suggest it in a minute. They had covered the windows, but they were still waiting for Tommy’s potion to where off.

They waited another minute until Tommy was visible enough no understand what he’s signing, then tommy suggested his idea. It was a simple plan, a bit trippy, but at the same time it didn’t take for granted the government’s leader, and how smart he was. The three crafts were impressed by the plan after dream translated it, surprised by his quick thinking. Dream wasn’t surprised at all, he know himself how clever tommy really was, but was still impressed and proud of his student. AND friend, and friend. God this was still really hard to remember.

“Well done Tommy, it’s a really good plan. All we need to do is hope it all goes well. We never know what might really happen, but it’s an excellent prediction.” Tommy smiled in joy from the praise. Wilbur and Phil didn’t really like his response for the praise, but they had to give him credit, it really was a good plan. They immediately got to work, starting with techno messaging ranboo to come have some tea.

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“Oh sorry guys, I actually got to go.” Ranboo interrupted the arguing group. Everyone went quiet from his sudden interruption, waiting for tubbo or eret to say something in response.

“What’s more important then this?” Tubbo said his face now red not from crying, but from the frustration of the meeting. “I uh... something came up and I-“ “wait.” Tubbo cut him. “Are you going to visit technoblade and philza?” The room froze, and ranboo started to sweat. “Well... th-they are my friends... and techno invited me to hang out...” “you’re friends with technoblade?!” The whole room shouted. Startled, he backed away to the door, but punk was blocking him. “Uh... yeah? It’s not that much of a secret...”

“Wait, what did he say you were planning to do ranboo?” Tubbo asked. Ranboo REALLY didn’t like the pressure he was put on. Why can’t he just hang out with his friends? He never really wanted to be here, but la’menberg citizens were required by the king. “Just drink some tea... probably play chess?” Tubbo smiled, finally glad they have some rope to hang on. “Ok ranboo. Go hang out with technoblade and Phil, it’s your friends after all.” Ranboo sighed, glad he’s finally free.

“Wait, but-“ Jack protested but tubbo cut him. “Not a word Jack. We can’t say who can’t be friends with who. If techno invited him, *we wouldn’t want him late*, now do we? Go ranboo, your free to go. Have fun.” Jack finally getting the message, shut his mouth. Smiling with relief, ranboo ran out, not wasting another second in the planning room. As he left, tubbo smiled, turning to eret. “Your turn eret. It looks like we got ourselves a checkmate.”

\*\*\*

It was noon, and the sun was just above Tommy. He waited for ranboo to show up, and until he did, all Tommy could do was listen and look around. He remembered ranboo, and clearly remembered that the boy was an idiot. He was the type of guy that was all about “people”, and “friends”, and all that main character crap. He was naive, that’s for sure. A nice guy over all, but very naive. And VERY easy to manipulate and take advantage of. They weren’t going to though, this time the one that they were going to manipulate was tubbo.

He knew his ex best friend like the back of his hand, he knew he was clever, but not something out of the ordinary, and was fast to run into traps. He thought fast under pressure, and was probably still high from the power he had with la’menberg like Wilbur had been which means he is in command of arresting them. He also know tubbo was clingy, and no matter what Tommy might have felt about him, or what his actions were, he knew tubbo still cared about him. Because he’d known he was just like him. even when he was exiled, he still missed tubbo, even when he had known it was his fault. Not anymore though. He had dream, he had his family, and he never needed anything more. Tubbo on the other hand...

He finally saw something in the distance, a black and white tall figure. He quickly looked at the book he brought with him, pretending to read what’s on it. After he got close enough to hear, Tommy raised his head, then smiled waving to the endermen. He waved back, looking a little scared though. He walked to him, cautious and curious.

“Hey... hey Tommy.” Tommy smiled, then pretended he remembered something. He put the book on his lap into his bag, and took his leather book out, writing something down, then showing it to ranboo. Ranboo’s eyes went up, then looked back at Tommy. “Your mute?” He asked. Tommy nodded, then signed “yes”. Ranboo’s eyes widened, then smiled and signed himself “I didn’t know you learned sign language! It’s my first language you know? After endermen.” Tommy’s eyes widen in surprise. Well, this complicated some things, but it

doesn't matter. It was a nice surprise as well. "When did you learn?" He asked smiling at the him. Ranboo looked thoughtful then answered "don't remember." Tommy snorted, and then signed "techno invited you right? He said you were coming today. Actually, we have another guest. Why don't we go inside, so I can introduce you?" Ranboo nodded, wondering who he hadn't talk to yet on the server, then just as Tommy loudly opened the door, he realised who else would visit Tommy and techno, and as he stared at the man in front of him, everything went black.

:)

## Chapter End Notes

>:)

# Um... rode trip?

## Chapter Summary

I have no idea what I want to do. Oh god I'm incredibly lost in the plot.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ranboo fainted from the sight of dream. And then got up. This was part of the plan, but it was the most disturbing part, Tommy decided. He looked so creepy, with purple wide eyes, smiling creepily, standing like a soldier. Dream sighed then said "come on. Let's go ranboo. Yeah, exactly, come with me." He said when ranboo took a hesitate step toward dream. Dream took him to a patch in the floor, pointed at it, and said "in the hole, come on." The words stung a bit for tommy, but he said nothing. Ranboo quietly climbed into the patch of the basement.

"Don't leave until I say so, ok? You can do what you want in, but you cannot leave. Oh, and don't kill anything in there!" Dream yelled in before he closed the patch and sighed. "Well that's part one. People, grab the potions. Let's go."

Tommy nods, grabbing the blue purple potion from a nearby desk, and saluting to the group, drinking it. One after the other the rest of them do the same, except for dream. As they all disappeared and took their armour off completely, dream opened the door letting them all out of the house, and started running. He was careful to not run too fast for the rest, but he really hopes he's not too slow. After a minute of running in the snow he looked behind him seeing some figures sneaking in the trees. He gulped, really hoping this works, then stopped when he finally spotted the grass block in the middle of the field they agreed on.

He slowed down, and stared behind him, directly at the figures behind him. He he waited more and more, staring at their direction, hopefully buying time for the crafts. After a minute the figures got closer and closer, and in no time they were fast approaching. He took a deep breath, ready for the fight. It was three of them, and when they got closer he recognises them as puffy eret and jack.

Then out of nowhere, another figure popped out of the woods in front of him, surprising him. He lifted his sword ready to perry, but surprising him even more, they left their back wide open for him, facing the *opposite side*. That wasn't part of the plan. He quickly recognised the soft pink hair, and got confused even more.

"Hey dream. Nice to see you again after the battle in la'manberg." Niki said eyeing him for a second. "I see you're doing well. You have a plan right? Just tell what to do and I'll follow your lead." Dream stared still a bit shocked, then quickly snapped out of it. It's not the time to wonder who's on who's side, he nodded to niki, getting to position, now smiling. It was

unexpected, but it certainly made things easier. “We’re buying time. Fight until I tell you to retreat.” Niki nodded, his sword ready in hand. He looked ahead at the three people in front of him, ready to attack. They all had three of their lives, so he can kill them without a problem. He grinned, bloodlust in his eyes.

\*\*\*

Tommy ran and ran, never feeling more free. He was so fast it baffled him. He never really got to test his new powers, and the rush of running as lightning was something he swore he needed to do more often. He laughed, knowing nobody will hear him, and swept through the forest like it was nothing. His family was behind him, probably miles away by now, but he didn’t care. This was the best thing ever, probably even better than flying. He spotted the portal, noticing people guarding it. Without a worry in the world, he flew past them into the portal, knowing they’ll probably think it was the wind with how fast he was. He stopped, catching his breath, smiling wide enough to hurt his cheeks. He looked around. Nobody. Good. He took his pickaxe and started mining down, making a hole in below the portal. Next, he broke the walls of the hole, placing obsidian instead. After he finished with that, he quickly took all the lava buckets he had, spilling it into the hole. He wiped sweat from his forehead, the heat annoying him. He was done. All that was left was to wait for the signal and-

“T-Tommy?”

He snapped his head with fear, drawing his sword out, and he was left with shock, tubbo in front of him. Shit this wasn’t part of the plan. Shit, shit! He looked around, searching for anyone else. But no, tubbo was alone. Wait, tubbo could see him. The potion must have wore off. Shit. He thought they had more time. He really hoped the others had spares, because failure wasn’t an option at this point. He can’t fail, he can never-

“Tommy, is that really you? Please, say something. Please, I can’t take it anymore. I need you back, I don’t know what to do.”

Tommy froze. Everything froze. The plan was going to shit. Everything was going to shit. He didn’t want to see these eyes, not again. So hurt, so broken. He shouldn’t, he couldn’t-

“Tommy... please...”

He wanted to talk. Say something. He couldn’t. He couldn’t do it. Why- ALWAYS HIM, ITS ALWAYS-

Slowly, he took off the mask. He never wanted to see tubbo again. And he wanted to show it. Tubbo should realise his mistake. But instead of looking broken, he looks relieved, glad. It pisses him off even more. Don’t be glad, after everything.

“I’m sorry Tommy.”

And he snapped.

\*\*\*

It was dark. And cold. He didn't like the dark, it never meant anything good. He tried to open his eyes, it was really hard to do so, but he did it eventually. He looked around. Nothing. It was nothing. Tears started to form in his eye, asking himself, where am I...? He didn't know what was going on, and he was so scared-

"Tommy?"

Tubbo. That was tubbo's voice. He needed tubbo, he needed la'manberg-

**"No tommy. It's worm here. Stay, tubbo will be alright. You don't have to move."**

But- but tubbo-

**"Don't move, if you do there will be consequences."**

No. He can't- he'll be punished again- he'll lose Wilbur again, he'll lose tubbo, he'll stay quiet. He'll stay here.

**"That's right. It's warm in here right? Don't worry, I'll keep you safe."**

Safe. He liked the sound of that. And he trusted himself more than anyone, so it was ok. He wouldn't lie, right? Yeah, he was safe. It was warm. He was ok. Everything's ok.

And before he could think of anything else, he went back to the sleepy state he was in, and Tommy hopes he never wakes up again. Because Tommy bring pain, love, and memories. He can't have that, not when everything was going so well.

\*\*\*

Tommy was gone with a flash, only the trees tilting from the wave of wind showing he was even near them in the first place. After five minutes of nonstop running, he noticed Phil next to him. "Shit. Phil, I see you." He said while out of breath. Phil looked at him, his eyes saying the same. Wilbur behind was catching up, grabbing them. "Guys, the potion ran out." "Yeah, it had. We can't stop though, we didn't grab spares." Phil noted.

"Shit. So we're attaching head on huh?" Techno asked.

"We have no choice. Tommy must have gotten through with his speed, and he probably already finished the trap as well. All we need to do is push them through the portal, and then go back to help dream. Everyone has fire res?" Wilbur asked. Techno and Phil nodded. Techno smiled.

"Let's crush these bastards." He said while taking his sword out, as he saw the forest reaching his end.

Sorry for the late update, I was tired yesterday, and I wanted to read some fanfiction myself.



# Blood and chaos

## Chapter Summary

So much death. I think most of the characters lost a life. Oops.

## Chapter Notes

I really like this chapter, and I like the next even more. Maybe I'll finish it early so you can like it with me, we'll see. Until then, suffer with this one. >:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Niki was a good fighter, dream will give her that. She blocked most of the attacks, and she had a good stance most of the time. Puffy was strong as well, and eret knew how to dodge fast. Not fast enough for dream to land a final hit, successfully taking his first life. Puffy screamed in grief, charging to him, her stance poor. It wasn't hard to kill her as well, her body falling next to eret's, then both disappearing in a poof.

Niki was currently fighting Jack, who noticed his teammates gone and dream running towards him. Panicked, he started to back up, making his back wide open. Niki shot an arrow, hitting him just where the heart is supposed to be. Jack fell forward, dissolving just as he hit the ground.

Niki looked towards him, a small sad smile on her face. He nodded his head, then suddenly hearing fireworks from far away, recognising it as the signal.

"That's the signal, let's go."

Niki nodded, following dream running towards the bright lights in the sky. She smiled in relief it was going to be over. It's time to kill Tommy innit for the last and final time.

\*\*\*

Fundy was standing awkwardly with bad, ponk, Sam, and punz. They were either waiting for the team to come back, or for dream and the crafts to show up. Until then, the stood in silence, searching the woods for any movement. He was nervous, and the crawling feeling of fearing death was sitting in his mind, ready to brake out with panic.

Suddenly Sam yelled next to him "I see them!" The feeling rose, together with hope that they won, until he saw the men running to them. the hopeful feeling sunk like gravel, with fear rising up taking its place. He held his sword, really hoping he won't die today. And he really hoped, that he won't need to kill his family either, especially his now alive father.

Suddenly a loud BOOM was heard, and colourful fireworks rose to the sky, brighting everything up like lightning. His family ran straight to them, weapons in their hands. Then he noticed, it was JUST his family. Dream and Tommy weren't there. Shit. That's probably really bad.

He started running himself, yelling a fight cry, just wanting his home back, fully knowing it's gone forever. His sword clash with Wilbur's, his dad smiling at him with a wide, mad, and excited eyes. "Hello son. Now goodbye." He didn't even register the pain a second later, as his sword slipped from his hands, and his eyes locked into Wilbur's. They held no mercy, and no care. Tears flooded in his eyes as he saw the look. His home was gone. And Wilbur was here again, to hurt the broken love he desperately tried to hold onto. He smiled with Wilbur, but he kept crying. He really had nothing huh? And that was his last thought before everything went quiet.

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**KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL-**

"Tommy wait!"

**TUBBO KILL KILL TUBBO KILL KILL TUBBO-**

"Please I just want to help--"

**NO NEED KILL MURDER KILL TUBBO KILL KILL-**

"Tommy listen to me!"

Tommy blinked. What the fuck? What is he- suddenly a sharp pain in his head took over. Pain, so much pain- he rose again from the ground, now crying.

"Tubbo...?"

Tubbo looked at him with shocked eyes, staring.

"Tommy?" He asked with a quiet voice, his arm bloody. Tommy stared at the blood, then his sword. Panicking he started to ramble, dropping the sword, hugging tubbo.

"Shit did I do that? I'm sorry I- I don't know what came over me, I just got so mad and- OH GOD IM FRIENDS WITH DREAM? What the FUCK--"

"Tommy, I can't hear you." Tubbo said his face now worried, but still hesitant. Tommy stared at him for a second, then panicked again, now his hands signing non stop.

"Shit tubbo can't hear me, he doesn't know what I'm saying, I can't--"

Tubbo panicked when Tommy signed uncontrollably not knowing what any of it means, and any hesitance he had before disappeared. "Tommy? Tommy calm down! Just tell me what's wrong and I'll help!"

He can't help, he can't-

"Tommy please I can't help if you don't tell me what's wrong!"

Panicking, Tommy pointed at his mouth and then his bandaged neck. Over and over, even signing sometimes, trying to get him to understand, trying everything-

"Wait, you- you can't speak?!" Tubbo said with disbelief, guessing correctly. Tommy nodded, glad he finally understood. Tubbo looked scared, then asked "since WHEN?!" Tommy thought for a moment, then raised his hands counting. He counts to 14, then saying '14 months', and moving his lips oblivious enough to understand. Tubbo face went pale, and he started crying. Tommy started to panic, signing what's wrong, fully knowing he doesn't understand, glancing at his injury's, feeling even more sick then before. Tubbo just cried louder, and held Tommy sight. They were both panicking, unable to communicate, and very very worried.

Tommy started pressing tubbo's arm with some fabric trying to get the blood to stop, but they heard a yelp from the direction of the portal, and the watched as ponk walked through, falling straight into the lava. Tommy froze, terrified but the sight. He killed someone. He killed ponk. The trap was his, and he made it happen. The plan was his, the sick horrible plan to murder everyone except tubbo and ranboo, and ran away. He felt sick, and throw up. Not even a second later Wilbur techno dream and Phil walked through, falling in as well. The sight was horrible, but he knew they would survive, he knew it because he made the plan himself. Tubbo gasped with shock, but then became terrified as they showed up, alive as ever. Fire resistance he realised, and tightened his grip for Tommy's cloak. They looked surprised, looking at the hugging teens.

"Tommy? What are you doing?" Dream asked.

Tommy gulped, and then looked at tubbo. Tubbo lost as well, stayed quiet.

"Tommy. Come over."

Tommy head became cloudy, and not a second later he was at dream's side. He took a sharp breath, eyes blurry. From the corner of his eyes he saw techno starting to fill the lava hole, making it safer walking to the portal. Then strangely he walked through. Looking in front of him, he saw dream, trying to hold him, trying to get him to look at him, saying things to him. Tubbo was yelling something from behind. Wilbur looked worried. He didn't see Phil. Everything was blurry with tears, and he couldn't calm his breath.

It was all so blurry, **it was ok**, he was so scared, **he's never scared**, and he wanted tubbo- **KILL TUBBO.**

He charged in. He'd nearly done it, he was so close, but something was holding him back. He bites the hand holding him, but it didn't let go.

"Whoa Tommy! Where did that come from?!" Dream yelled with surprise in his voice. Tommy only hissed, desperately trying to get to tubbo. he was right there, the sword was just next to him, he could so easily-

“Tommy, stop moving.” Blank. It was cloudy again, and time was fast. He saw tubbo run away, and heard people talk. Suddenly a sharp pain came from his back, waking him up. He was free, he could kill tubbo- and he fell to the ground, a sick smile left on his face.

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It was Tommy. Of course it was Tommy, who else? Niki was shocked to see the hooded blonde teen standing next to dream like a statue. She helped the rebellion to get revenge on Tommy, not help Tommy get revenge. She heard the rest talking, arguing, wondering what’s wrong with **Tommy**, if **Tommy** was ok, what happened to **Tommy**. Tommy Tommy Tommy.

Her blood rose to her face. She can end it. He was right there, standing. He was so close, they couldn’t stop her from killing him. She would die as well, but she could come back. He couldn’t. He wouldn’t. Before she could think, she rose her sword, stabbing him through the chest. They yelled, they screamed, they stabbed her too. She only smiled. Finally. It was done. It was like something was lifted off her chest. She fell next to him, and she saw his body dissolved into the air. She closed her tired eyes, her smile even wider. It was done. She’d done it. Then it all went quiet.

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Wilbur screamed. He cried, he yelled, saying Tommy’s name again and again. Techno had killed Niki, but it didn’t fix anything. The voices yelled for blood, they yelled for Tommy. The way he did things was break what’s imperfect, and wait for someone to fix it. It was how his world worked. It always worked this way. They why did murder never solve anything? Why did killing Niki not make him feel better? She smiled, he saw it. She smiled as she died, like she had done something she was waiting a long time to do. Maybe she was. It didn’t make him feel better. Dream was quiet. Phil was on his knees. Will cried on the ground where Tommy was. He screamed, tears getting in his mouth. Techno was frozen.

He just got one brother back, and now lost another. And it wasn’t even the government. He couldn’t even blame the government for this one. It was just one person. It was just Niki, who died happily in his hands. It was just Niki. The cheery bakery girl, sometimes hanging out with Wilbur. She was one of the first to come to pogtopia. She would bring cupcakes, she would smile, and joke around. He was **fond** of her. And out of all people, she was the one to take Tommy’s last life.

He screamed. He yelled his anger out, all the frustration he had, the voices screaming with him, grieving, wishing the world would disappear with Tommy, turning into bloody ash. He screamed, Wilbur with him, then dream as well. He did not care for dream. He did not care for the government. He did not care for anything. He wanted Tommy, and he knew that was to only thing he couldn’t have.

Spilt personality? Yes???

# My end

## Chapter Summary

I really wanted to continue this story more, but I also wanted to finish this now. So I hope you enjoy the last chapter of 'lost in my head.' Gosh, it's been a long week.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was dark again. Tommy woke up slowly, not as tired as he was before. The world around him was pitch black, and only a few colourful things were there. He stared at quackity, and he stared back.

"Heya tommy."

Tommy throat was dry, and his lips were cracked, but he found himself talking to quackity anyway. "How are you here?"

Quackity looked at him funny, now grinning. "Easy. I'm dead."

Then the memories came, rushing through his head, banging with pain. "Shit- tommy are you ok?" Quackity stood up, but before he could walk up to him someone grabbed Tommy's shoulder from behind, and said "not a step closer quackity." It was tommy. Tommy looked up to him, tears in his eyes. He hugged himself, glad for something comforting and familiar.

"What the fuck...?" He heard quackity whisper behind his breath, frozen in place. He looked up at his face again, and saw how mad it was. Oh no. He was going to get punished. No no no-

"tommy." He started to panic, wanting to get away, but too scared to do so. "I have an offer for you." He stared at himself with teary eyes, shocked. What could he ever want that tommy needed HIS help with? He kept quiet, waiting for his to continue. Tommy ruffly took Tommy's hands off of him, now holding them tightly, staring directly at him. "We're dead." He said. Tommy nods with fear of what is to come next. Would he be blamed for their death? He probably would be. It probably IS his fault. Tears formed in his eyes again, making his vision blurry.

"Stop crying, you need to listen to me." Tommy said with a bit of anger in his voice. Scared, tommy wiped his tears, hoping he won't cry again in front of Tommy. "We need to come back." tommy said his face leaving no argument. Tommy only nodded frantically. "And we can, but we need to sacrifice something before we can." Tommy looked at him, listening, knowing he doesn't have any say in his plan anyway. "What a-are you thinking about?" Tommy smiled shakily. Thankfully Tommy smiled back. "A part of ourselves. We need to sacrifice **you**." He stared at tommy, eyes wide, then sighed sadly. "So this is how I go huh? Ok. Kill me." Tommy smiled wider now, eyes burning with bloodlust. "Well, since you offered so nicely."

The last thing he heard was quackity yelling something, and then the black went white. He smiled glad he was free. Sorry will, I didn't want to leave so soon, but I didn't have a choice. His mind vanished altogether, his last thought about Wilbur. He cried one last tear, only leaving behind a broken version of him, a sick sadistic one. The only one that should exist, Tommy thought, as he left the afterlife, one disappearing from existence, the other becoming new, a second chance he wasn't supposed to get. If only Tommy was stronger. If only.

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He opened his eyes. He looked around. It was hot. In front of him was Wilbur, staring at him with shock, tears flowing down his face. Techno dream and Phil were there also, all shocked to see him. He smiled, his smile wicked, sickening, and signed "I'm back."

Wilbur eyes watered, and Tommy watched him, curious. He wondered what would he do, hoping it's isn't a hug or something sappy. That was Tommy's job, to keep him caring, loving. Care brought allies, and he needed allies. But then he realised, he didn't. Why would he? He was powerful enough to be a GOD. He could kill them all in seconds if he wanted to.

He looked at Wilbur's face again, as he grabbed his shirt, crying. It was really uncomfortable, and Tommy walked away with slight disgust. Wilbur looked at him surprised by the cold movement, then looked into his eyes. His eyes widened with fear, the tears leaving his face getting replaced by shock and stress. Tommy raised an eyebrow, then looked at the others. Techno looked glad. Phil was eyeing dream, but looked relieved. And dream... well, he couldn't really figure out the expression. He thought he knew what expressions he could make and what they meant, but this one he didn't know. And Tommy wasn't there to help him figure it out. He cursed in his thoughts, annoyed the brat was useful to him.

"Tommy, how did you come back?" Dream suddenly asked.

Tommy froze. He looked at dream, his mask broken, half of it in his hands in pieces. The look he gave him, he didn't know what it was and it angered him. He didn't want the answer the man, but suddenly he felt a small pull in the back of his mind. Shit, the enchantment. He tried to fight it, and he almost succeeded, but then dream ask another question, making him give up. "Why are you fighting?" Tommy gritted his teeth, and answered. "I read a few weeks ago, about another way to come back. If you sacrifice half of yourself, giving it up, then you could get back. It's a very difficult process, but i succeeded. And I fought because I didn't want you to know this."

Dream stared at him in what looked like shock, and then the unknown facial expression came again. "You lost half of yourself? Which part?" Tommy wanted to laugh at the question, giggle at the pathetic part of him that was gone forever. And he did. He giggled with no voice, only his breath making it obvious. They stared at him, a little bit of fear in their eyes. "The pathetic part. The 'oh, I love that, I want that, I'm laughing here because it's funny, I'm hugging him because he's my brother, tubbo tubbo'. bleh! It's gross. It's gone now anyways so it doesn't matter." He smiled glad. They didn't look glad. They looked scared, sad and angry. Suddenly he decided he had enough of these fuckers, and started to walk away.

"Stop Tommy." Dream said. Tommy stopped. He hated dream, he wanted to go beat something up.

"Go to sleep Tommy. Wake up when I say so." He said with a shaking voice. Tommy's head

suddenly felt heavy, and he wanted nothing more than to sleep. He didn't have a chance to do anything, as he immediately fell on the floor, now unconscious.

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Tommy felt alone. He never really wanted to get rid of Tommy, but he felt like he had to. He was happy to. The void that was his mind was empty. He cried, he wanted to know what's wrong with him, why he was so scared. Why did he feel so empty? Why does he still want tubbo? He hated tubbo, Tommy liked tubbo, but Tommy was gone. He was dead. He killed him. He wanted him dead, not alive. Tears flowed down his face. He just wanted to be whole again, not needing any walls to hide everything. He closed his eyes weeping. He was impatient, he could have saved Tommy. Dream would have done something, anything. But dream said it can't work twice. He said it himself. The floor was cold, and his body colder. He wanted Tommy again. He missed Tommy. He sniffed. He missed tubbo.

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dream was furious. Tommy straight up disrespected him, and wanted to keep information from him. He looked at the sleeping boy on the ground. The boy had so much potential and power, but with one mistake everything went up in flames. All the hard work he put into. He lost his best friend, and all that was left was this selfish power puppet. He kicked him, Wilbur and Phil yelling in response. He was just so MAD. He gave him everything, and he just had to die. he thought for a second, staring at Wilbur yelling at him. Then a smirk rose on his face. If he can't have Tommy, NO ONE CAN.

He grabbed the teen by the arm, and flipped him to see his face. He was pale, and had big bags under his eyes. Personally he didn't really care. He put down his ender chest, grabbing a dusty black book, with an empty cover. He opened it, flipping to the right page then stopping. He had planned this behind Tommy's back for a while now, but it was just in case, only if absolutely necessary. And now, he thought, it was necessary.

The target was to be enchanted in body at least 3 times, and had to be asleep for the process. He grabbed from his ender chest a potion of healing, an eye of ender, 3 obsidian, one netherite ingot, one nether star and three totems of undying. He crafted the materials together, then put them in the potion bottle and shook it hard as the book instructed. The three men behind him watched, and he fully knew if he told what he was doing he would be dead already.

The liquid inside the bottle finally had the black liquid he wanted, and he looked at it satisfied. He quietly plucked one of Tommy's hairs, and took a bit of blood he had from a small cut near his elbow, and put them both in the potion. He closed it and shook again, and he watched as the liquid turned from pitch black to some sort of red with bits of dark purple. He looked at the book, searching for the color red.

'The Loyal kind', he read, 'the second most powerful kind. These had experience in the past with different kinds of death, suffering and betrayal. They let their anger consume them, but easily switch sides in arguments and are rather useless when faced with a difficult decision.' Huh. That pretty accurate for Tommy. But why purple?



He searched in the book for a while, then FINALLY finding dark purple. ‘The Unstable kind, not powerful but very destructive. They aren’t in their right mind. not insane, but have serious issues they can never solve once they drink the potion. They tend to lash out, then back out, seemingly snapping back to reality before lashing out again. Not usually physical, mostly just chaotic and unpredictable.’ Oh. Dream looked at Tommy, sleeping peacefully next to him. Well, it didn’t matter anyway. With the loyalty enchantment he can’t refuse him, so it won’t be much of a problem then it is now.

He stared at the bottle, gulping, and before he could regret it, he splashed it into Tommy’s mouth. “Drink it.” He said, hoping the body still accepted commands while the mind is asleep. Tommy swallowed the potion. It seems so. He waited a minute, waiting for something to happen.

Just as he thought he might have forgotten something, a light ora began to appear on Tommy’s sleeping body, glowing bigger and stronger. His wings began to form from his back, now looking more real then the normal transparent ones. Small red horns formed on his forehead, and his hair grow longer as well. His nails were turning red, and small wings sprouted out of his legs as well. Lightning surrounded him, and white flames covered him.

At the end of it all, a small yellow note appeared on his chest, and the lightning and flames disappeared with it’s appear. Dream picked up to note, then grinning. “Tommy innit, god of pleasure, luck and sky.” It said. He got up, and passed the note to Phil behind him. Phil froze, his eyes growing scared and full of hate. “What have you done?! Do you realise what you’ve done?!” He yelled at him. Dream just smiled. “Oh I do. I really do. And just to make sure-“ he picked up the book and empty potion bottle, throwing them into a nearby lava pit. “here we go. Now he’ll live alone, forever, nobody but me knowing how to make another or how to reverse it.”

Phil face grow pale staring at the book fall to the lava, Wilbur and techno’s still confused, trying to figure out what just happened and why Phil is so mad. He fell to his knees next to Tommy, holding his son’s hand. His poor, poor son. He has so much responsibility now, and he knew he will never be the same as before. He could have helped him get better, they could have gotten better together. But now he was cursed, just like he was. He put his hand on Tommy’s cheek, drowning in his sadness. He messed up, he should have done something to help, anything to help. Why had dream done this? Why do this to him?

“I didn’t want to do this you know.” Dream said suddenly. Phil stared at him. **What.** “He fought me, he didn’t listen anymore. When he did that, I knew it was over. See, the boy has split personality. And he gave one up to live again. Half his soul, gone forever. So when he fought my control, I knew he couldn’t care anymore, he gave that part of himself to death. I knew it, just by looking at him. He gave me no choice.” Every word burned Phil, every word taking his breath. Dream look sad, disappointed, much like a kid, his favorite toy going missing. Phil was pissed. Dream stretched, and said “well! It seems there is nothing left for me here. Tommy will be given control of the world, and I will-“

“DON’T EVEN THINK ABOUT LEAVING!!!!” Phil now yelled. Dream only chuckled. “Oh? But how could you stop me?” Dream said, amused. Then he looked down on something in his hand he couldn’t see. “It’s done. Tommy had gotten full transfer of asminship. Tommy,

you're allowed to wake up now. I think I'm done as well, so eh, see ya!" He said with a chuckle, waving goodbye.

"COME HERE YOU- FUCK!" Phil yelled charging in, but dream was already gone. Phil stopped, and fell to his knees again, now crying. They were silent after that, only the sound of lava and a faraway gasp being heard.

"What the fuck." Someone said, a familiar voice. He looked at Tommy, who stared at them. Phil just couldn't take it anymore, and hugged him. At first Tommy protested, but then got quiet, letting him hug him. They hugged for a minute, until Tommy realised something. He pushed Phil, and touched his neck. He felt his scars, so they were there. Ok, so he was hallucinating now.

"Oh god, I thought I could actually-" he stopped mid sentence. He was hallucinating. He had to. Tears formed in his eyes. He didn't lose Tommy for this. He shouldn't have lost Tommy for this. He couldn't, he- he wouldn't- "hey Tommy, did I hear wrong or did I actually hear your voice?" Techno asked snapping him from his thoughts. He looked at him, and tears went down Tommy's face for what seemed like the hundredth time today.

"I can- I can talk." He said quietly. "I can speak, I can laugh, I can cry, I can yell, I can SPEAK! Guys, I can speak! My voice, my voice is back, oh my god, I can't believe this!" He cried, and ran into Wilbur's arms. "Will, can you hear me? Can you hear my voice?" He asked, almost pleading. Wilbur formed tears of his own, for a completely different reason. "Yes Tommy, I can hear you." He said quietly to him, smiling. He patted Tommy's red feathers, as Tommy cried in his arms. He didn't know what dream did, but he didn't care right now. He got his brother back.

Tommy's head was light. He wasn't split, he wasn't broken. He was complete, a puzzle. All he needed was the missing piece he needed to complete it. And now he got it. It fit perfectly. He grinned, knowing he wasn't lost anymore. He was back at the beach, staring at the sea, asking himself what was the point of anything. He grinned, because now he knew the answer. He hugged Wilbur tighter. He finally had the answer. Tommy was ok, and Tommy was ok. He was ok. And he knew he would be.

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Phil sat on the small house, staring at the view. Suddenly he heard wind, and next to him Tommy landed. "Hey big man." Phil smiled at him. "Hi Tommy." He said back, and patted a spot next to him. Tommy happily sat down, now looking at the sunrise as well. They both stayed quiet, staring at the rising sun. Phil grabbed Tommy's hand, surprising him. Tommy looked at him. Phil only smiled, and quietly said "happy 300th birthday Tommy." Tommy stared at him, then started laughing. "I actually forgot! Hah! Oh, if Bell had been here she would have never let it go." Phil chuckled. "Oh she would NEVER." Tommy turned his gaze back at the rising sun. He wondered what would Wilbur think of him now, what would Tubbo think of him now. He smiled. He may never know. He touched his chest with a sigh. He was found.

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<https://color-ns.tumblr.com/post/652596186217414656/god-innit-d-this-is-my-tommy-from-my-fic-lost>

## Chapter End Notes

WOW- that was an incredible experience. I'm so happy you read my small story, and I'm glad if you liked it.

You gave me so much support over the past week, and I really didn't expect it. You guys actually commented! You liked my story! I was really just expecting for 20 kudos or something, not fricking 480! Anyway, I hope you like this.

If you feel like you don't understand something, or I made a spelling error somewhere, just tell me! I'll be more than happy to reply, actually, I'll probably be really excited!

So to finish, thank you. You gave me such a warm feeling every time you commented, or gave me kudos, or when I see the hits number go up. You said how you enjoyed my story, and I'm just glad, because this is my first time writing and finishing one!

I hope you visit both of the stories that inspired me so much to do this. The links are at the top of chapter 1, go read them!

Btw, the link at the end of the story is for some art I did of tommy. I turned out really nice so I think you'll like it!

I hope you liked these daily update of my small story. Good night/day to you all!

# Thank you!

## Chapter Summary

A final (and late) goodbye/thanks to the readers of this story. Yes, I'm talking about you dummy.

(This update was made on the 12/2/2022. The actual last chapter had been made in the 28/5/2021)

Ok. Wow. So, uh, this story passed the very special 1,000 kudos, and reached a very nice 1,319. I was honestly about to cry from joy when I first saw the three digit number became four digits, and I'm still smiling at the thought of reaching such a large number.

1300 is a LOT. That's a fuck ton of people saying they likes my writing. This sloppy, inexperienced, and rushed writing. And don't go to me saying "but this writing is amazing! This is really good!" Because no I wasn't. I'm perfectly happy with people telling me I'm good right now, and saying they liked this story, but I did NOT a know what I was doing back then. I promise you that every time you will say that I will simply be in denial and politely stammer a flattered thank you.

Anyway, this is a lot of people. And we aren't even talking about the 22,945 hits! You heard me right. Almost 23,000 hits. A number this big shouldn't be on this story, yet here it is. And frighteningly, I cannot make it go away.

And looking at my statistics, it seems this story has 203 subscriptions. 203. This story is finished! What are you guys still doing here?! Jk, jk, you're always welcome.

So. Considering the large number, I'm here to give some self promotions! Technoblade would be proud, ay?

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If you follow my profile or " my DSMP storys " series, you can see I've got some one shots,

for the one shot lovers.

One is called

**Traveling Letters** (9,912 words)

and the other

**Death And All It Entails** (6,531 words).

I'm also working on another one shot that's right now being edited, called "**I'm Your Allay**" subscribe to my profile to get a notification when it comes out!

If you want something that's not a one shot, you can always read my other series, "**Not My Kind**". It's not completed yet, currently on 14 chapters, but I'm really proud of it.

Some of you might actually come here from reading THAT fic, so hello to you guys, glad to see you again!

Another thing, I just started a new series called "**You Probably Shouldn't Light The Magic Portal**". It's three chapters in, and I finished working on chapter 4 today and about to start chapter 5. It's a Harry Potter-Dream SMP crossover, so if you like Harry Potter too, you might enjoy it!

You can also just look at my profile or go to my series and pick what you want, I've got them all there and more, for you to read and enjoy <3

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On another topic, I've got a collection going on! It's for Dream SMP fics that are INCREDIBLY underrated, or used to be and are still in the collection. You can see it in my profile, just press "collections" and read the rules, and you can join. :)

You can also just search "*DreamSMPunderrated*" or "*Really good and underrated dream smp fics*" It'll take you right to it.

anyone is welcome to join or add something! as long as you respect and follow the rules, I'll be glad to have you!

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As a side note:

If you've noticed, I've got a personal signature to my stories. They're all different signatures depending on the kind of story:

-x-

means it's a one shot.

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means it's a series that's either finished or I'm intending on finishing.

---

means it's a series that's not finished, and I'm not promising to finish.

Just thought it's cool.

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Thank for everyone that read this fanfic, you gave me so much confidence in my writing, especially the first 400 that was with me in the *literal week* I wrote this story! (Honestly, what was I thinking writing 20,000 words in a week?) This means to me so much more than any like or reblog/retweet I ever got, since everyone that commented was so sweet and passionate and went out of their way to say something nice just because they could, and because they liked my story.

I'm a reader too, so I know that whenever *I* comment, it's because that specific story meant to me more than the usual story. So when I receive comments- I blush, I cover my mouth as I make a dumb smile, and I show my mom. Then I reply, because I ALWAYS reply, and I love every moment of it.

And then there's the people that made me fanart, and guys, what the fuck?! Me. Receiving art. For this. My brain still somehow doesn't comprehend the fact. I sometimes still look at my folder of fanart (yes I save them, I have all of them saved in my phone) and think about how I probably don't deserve this, but you guys thought otherwise and made sure to let me know.

I'll always be grateful for this, if not a bit smug.

I love you wonderful people. You made me stupidly happy in a matter of almost a year. Thank you.

## End Notes

This fic is basically based off of **trying\_to\_spell\_both\_our\_names\_at\_once** 's fic called **First things first you get what you deserve** . I really like the idea of tommy losing one of his senses, and struggling to find new meaning in his life after exile. But I also like **Kenji\_Arts** 's idea of tommy being dream's "friend". So I took inspiration.

If you wanna check out my art (yes I draw) then this is

My\_tumblr

and my tweeter

Fan art:

A simple headshot of Tommy.

Tommy looks so badass omg

My art for the story:

my own headshot of Tommy although it's not that good

godInnit and he's really cool looking

**MY OTHER FANFICS CHECK THEM OUT IF YOU LIKED THIS!!!!**

VVV

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!